Overseas: Berry Fair

# YANK

## THE ARMY WEEKLY

5¢ DEC. 30 1942
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By the men . . for the men in the service

**MULE PACKER**

Pfc. Harry Bourassa of Perry, Fla., is one of the mule skinners in the Army's Hawaiian Pack Train. Read about his outfit on Page 20.

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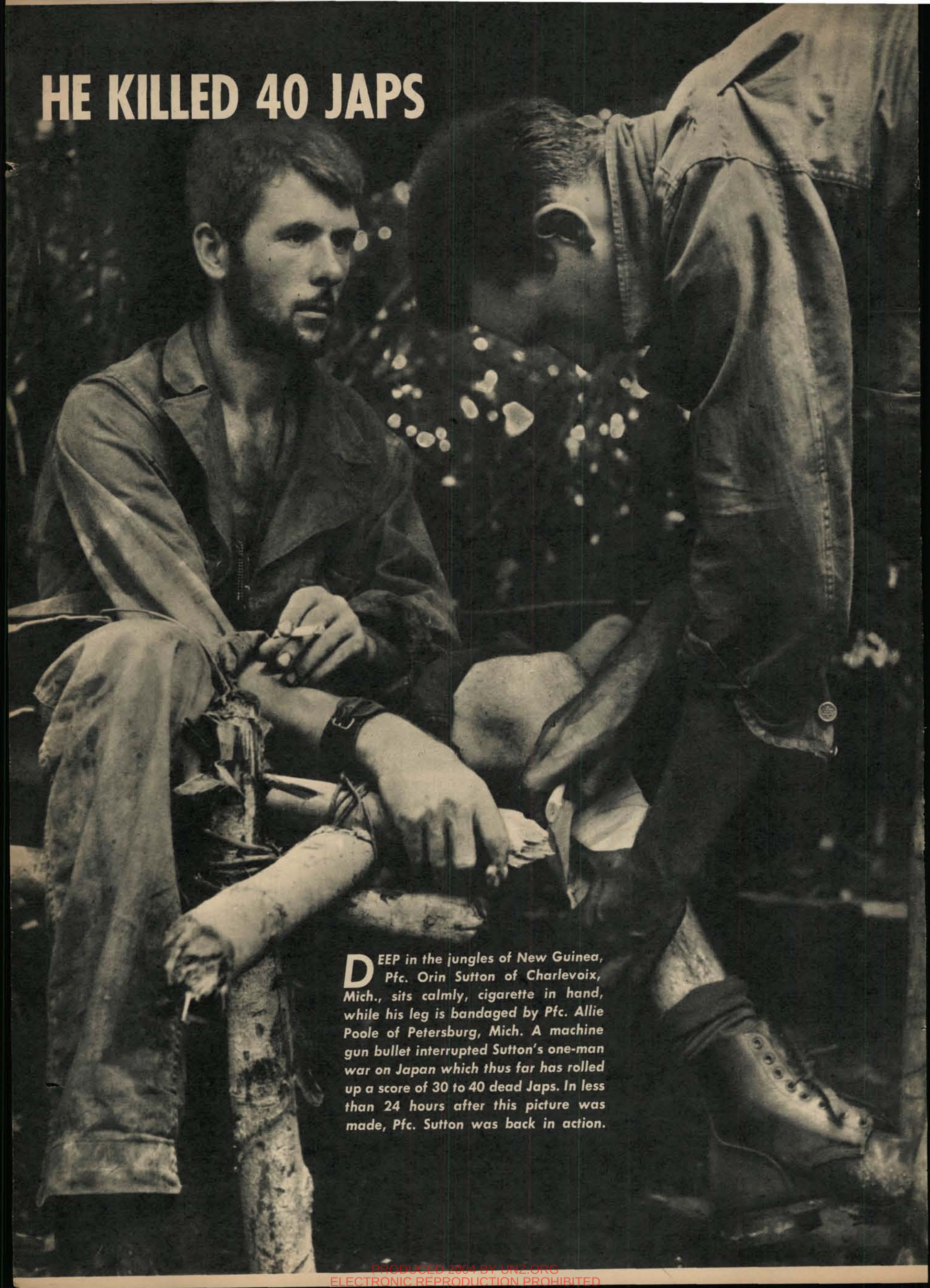
# HE KILLED 40 JAPS



DEEP in the jungles of New Guinea, Pfc. Orin Sutton of Charlevoix, Mich., sits calmly, cigarette in hand, while his leg is bandaged by Pfc. Allie Poole of Petersburg, Mich. A machine gun bullet interrupted Sutton's one-man war on Japan which thus far has rolled up a score of 30 to 40 dead Japs. In less than 24 hours after this picture was made, Pfc. Sutton was back in action.

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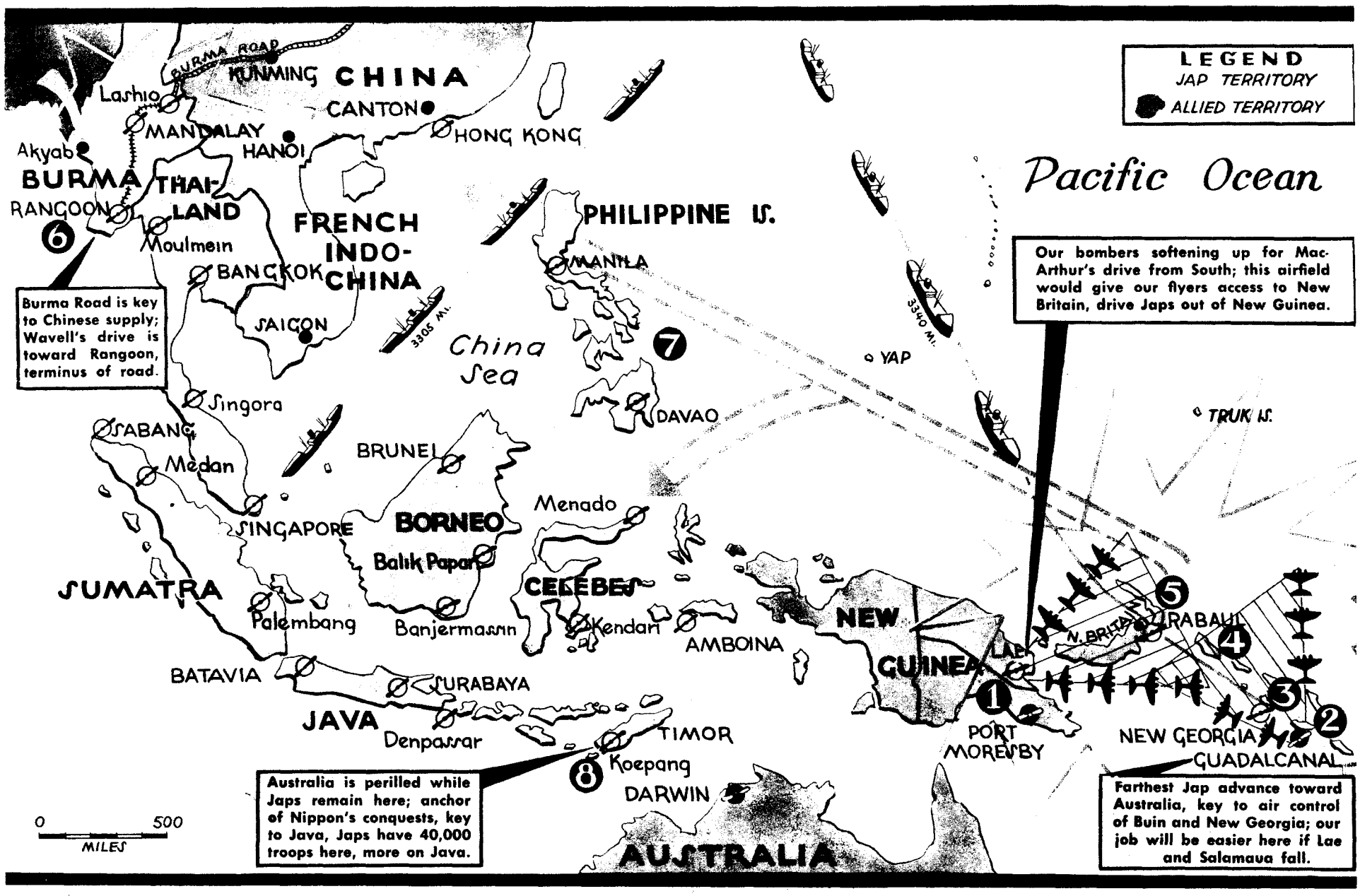


*IMPORTANCE OF VICTORY IN NEW GUINEA. Paves way for attack on Lae (1). This won, Guadalcanal (2) becomes important offensively, forces Japs back to new air base at New Georgia (3), exposes Kieta airport at Bougainville (4), paves way for thrust at Raboul (5). Then MacArthur could turn his eyes toward Burma (6) and the Philippines (7) on the long road back, while maybe the Marines and Navy could hit Timor (8).*

# MacArthur Fights Back

## His Drive in New Guinea Pushes Japs Against the Ropes and Paves the Way for New British Offensive in Burma

ON March 21, 1942, Gen. MacArthur made a promise to the men of Bataan and Corregidor. "I will be back," he said. And in India, where he had withdrawn to escape Jap annihilation in Burma, Britain's Gen. Wavell promised the Chinese: "We will clear the Burma Road." Today the fulfillment of those promises has begun.

The first offensive action in a year and four months is under way. Wavell is back in Burma. Striking hard and with complete surprise, Wavell's Imperial Army drove 30 miles down the coast across the Bay of Bengal on a 20-mile front anchored by the Mayu River. The astounded Japs retired to stronger positions and Wavell pressed on toward Akyab, 90 miles inside Burma, which the Japs captured last May 8. British and American planes softened up Akyab with heavy bombs.

This offensive was made possible only by MacArthur's Yank and Australian infantry which in the previous two weeks had torn Buna and Gona from the Japs in New Guinea. "Defend to the last man," ordered the Emperor of Japan. But they couldn't hold against a power drive that started last Sept. 9 only 32 miles from Port Moresby and inched the Japs across the Owen Stanley Mountains. It was brutal going. The jungle, pesky snipers, fleas, mosquitoes, dysentery, malaria, hand-to-hand fighting from tree to tree and clearing to clearing. Finally the Japs were squeezed onto a strip of beach anchored by Buna at one end and Gona at the other. MacArthur's men snipped off the ends while the Navy under Admiral Halsey prevented Jap reinforcements from landing. Gona was bitten off by the Aussies; Buna by our men. Now it's a mop-up of a heavily-fortified area 1⅓ miles long, 1½ miles deep, with every Jap fighting until dead from hidden pill boxes and machine-gun nests.

Not the kind of war you'd fight if you had your choice; not spectacular and glorious. But tough, brother; tough as hell. And toward week's end MacArthur headed north, isolated the Jap garrison at Sanananda six miles above Gona on the road to Lae, while U. S. airmen hit the Meambare River still farther northwest where they caught

*Gen. MacArthur begins to keep his promise.*

the Japs trying to rush men and supplies ashore. Amalgamation of the Yank-Aussie forces will clear the Jap from Southern New Guinea.

This mop-up, however, is strictly a defensive operation. The Jap is still in New Guinea, dominates the surrounding islands. Key to his position is the potent air base at Lae, which dominates the Solomon-New Guinea-New Georgia triangle.

So Lae is next. It's got to be. With Lae gone, look at the map on this page and see what can happen. The Solomons become offensively strategic. The island triangle becomes the step-off en route to fulfillment of MacArthur's promise to the men of Bataan and Corregidor. Our airmen this week began patrolling over Salamua, 140 miles from Buna, Jap naval base defending Lae.

In a way, Wavell's Burma campaign is defensive, too. Australia is not yet out of danger. And reopening of the Burma Road is an absolute must in the United Nations' help in China. With the road open, we can get at the Jap in China. But that's a long way off yet. It took four months to clear part of New Guinea. It may take years to clean out the Malay Archipelago. However long it takes, the point now is that we're on the way—on the way back to the Philippines, on the way to Tokyo.

The invasion of Burma was prepared by our Air Force which has been smacking at Burma and the Burma supply lines for several weeks. This pasting has had terrific effect, not only on the Japs, but on the natives who know that help is on the way. First result: creation of a pro-Ally government in Indo-China which will work under cover to overthrow the Jap invaders. U. S. Airmen recently have bombed Jap installations in Indo-China at Hanoi. Second result: the Jap puppet government in North China had to execute 306 Chinese for "dangerous thoughts" after our planes had paid a few visits. About 50,000 other Chinese in Honan Province reportedly are under Jap arrest for cooperation with the United Nations.



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# Allied Position Strengthened in Tunisia As New U.S. Gun Helps Rout Rommel

THE generals in command in North Africa this week were expecting rain. On the West African front it came, in drenching torrents that quagmired roads, hampered planes, slowed the battle of Tunisia to swim-stroke pace. But that was OK with our side, which was consolidating the tremendous gains already made, perfecting supply for the push to come, and inch by inch establishing air superiority in the skies. Without that air blanket, there was no sense in attacking Tunisia's tight "Little Maginot Line" of Axis-held fortifications that protect Tunis and Bizerte.

On the East African front, however, the rain held off, and that was a blessing. For British Gen. Montgomery was giving Rommel everything he had, and Rommel's Afrika Korps was breaking up. Rain would have turned the dry creek beds into torrents, slowing Montgomery's pursuit.

Rommel was so badly on the run that nobody knew where or when he might make a stand. Blasted from El Agheila, he fled westward along the coast. His evacuation of El Agheila, carefully trapped with land mines and defended by tanks, was a surprise. The British 8th Army turned Rommel's south flank as U.S. airmen banged away overhead. But there was an added something that caught the Germans, against which they had no defense. As Rommel turned tail and ran, no one knew what that added something was. Now it can be told. It was a new gun.

### Self-Propelling Antitank Gun

In four months U.S. manufacturers had turned out, to Army specifications, a secret weapon: a self-propelling antitank gun mounted on a General Grant tank's chassis. Its shells rip through the armor of Mark III, Mark IV and Semovente tanks with murderous effect. The gun can fire and run, fire on the move, and it has long range. Against such a weapon the Germans were helpless. Now that gun in quantity, added to the stout British 8th Army, is at Rommel's heels.

This week a quick Montgomery flanking movement snipped off the German 90th Light Division and part of the German 15th Armored near En Nofilia, 65 miles west of El Agheila. Several thousand of Rommel's best troops were caught, although the main body slipped away, hammered by the U.S. Air Force which daily established new advance airfields from which it operated to knock out long lines of trucks and decimate Rommel's shrinking resources in 300 raids a day.

By weekend the guessing over Rommel's fate was intense. He hadn't strength enough, it appeared to make a stand west at Tripoli, and his only chance of survival was to high tail 800 miles west to Tunisia and attempt a consolidation with Col. Gen. Walther Nehring. Strategically that would ruin Germany by consolidating the U.S.-British African armies. Rommel's only hope was to prevent such a consolidation in the Tunisia theater, until Hitler can bring up a rescue scheme such as an invasion of Spain, or a deal with Franco that could win Gibraltar.

By that time, however, another U.S. "secret" weapon might be in the field. Gen. Arnold, chief of U.S. Air Forces, said this week that we had secret aerial weapons coming up "that will deal paralyzing blows to our enemies." And, he added, the present B-17s, B-24 Liberators and B-24 Fortresses were the last "small" bombers we'd be building. "Entirely new battle wagons," he said, "are on the way."

### Tunisia Action Moves to Showdown

Lt. Gen. Eisenhower's men were busy meanwhile, rain or no rain. In the air, the fight for supremacy continued, and we were getting a slight edge, thanks to the men in the P-38s, Spitfires and Flying Fortresses who socked the German air fields and harbors at Tunis, Bizerte Sfax, Gabes and Sousse and ranged as far away as Palermo in Sicily for a crack at supply lines. On the muddy ground German-Italian troops deployed along the coastal plain south of Tunis in a move to split the U.S.-British Armies through Madjez El-Bab, which is 35 miles west by south of Tunis. It was also designed to suck back one of Lt. Gen. Anderson's forces which worked over toward Tripoli to meet Rommel if he runs that far. From Madjez El-Bab, Nehring could work south by road to the El Aroussa-Pont du Fahs Railroad, then follow the railroad due east to execute his division of Anderson's forces. The only difficulty is that Nehring can't get to Madjez El-Bab. He came within two miles, but was thrown back by U.S. and British ground forces.

A showdown is only a matter of time, and it looks now as though it will come on the historic plains before Tunis where 2,100 years ago the Romans broke the civilization of Carthage. Raids, counter-raids, sorties and reconnaissance operations were unceasing, and offshore the Anglo-American fleets plugged away at the German-Italo supply line from the European mainland.

That this land, air and naval action east and west in North Africa was effective was proved at week's end when British Admiral Cunningham announced that United Nations fleets could now for the first time in two years, move freely at both ends of the Mediterranean. This is a tremendous aid to the British 8th Army which now can be supplied by sea as it pursues Rommel, shortening its supply line which heretofore has been exclusively through Cairo.

A large and vital portion of Africa definitely came over to the United Nations with full cooperation of French West Africa, including the great sea and air base of Dakar, and the French fleet based there, thus shutting off effective threat of attack from the rear.

But this was not accomplished without diplomatic trouble. There was bitterness on the part of the De Gaullists over acceptance of Admiral Darlan as boss of the French in North Africa. But at week end this was straightened out. Darlan publicly disavowed any ambition except retirement once the war is won, and De Gaulle was given administration of Madagascar as proof that Free French interest will be protected.

### New Russian Attack Underway

Russia opened a new front with resounding impact, plowing 40 miles through German defenses near Voronezh along the Don River. In four days 20,000 Axis troops were killed, 10,000 captured, the Russians report. The attack was double-headed, aimed at the extended German flank north of Stalingrad. Meanwhile the two other Soviet Winter offensives continued against fierce counterattacks. North and south of Stalingrad Russia made new dents in German lines, and on the central front the Russians moved ahead slowly after being stopped for two days by bloody counterblows west of Rzhev.

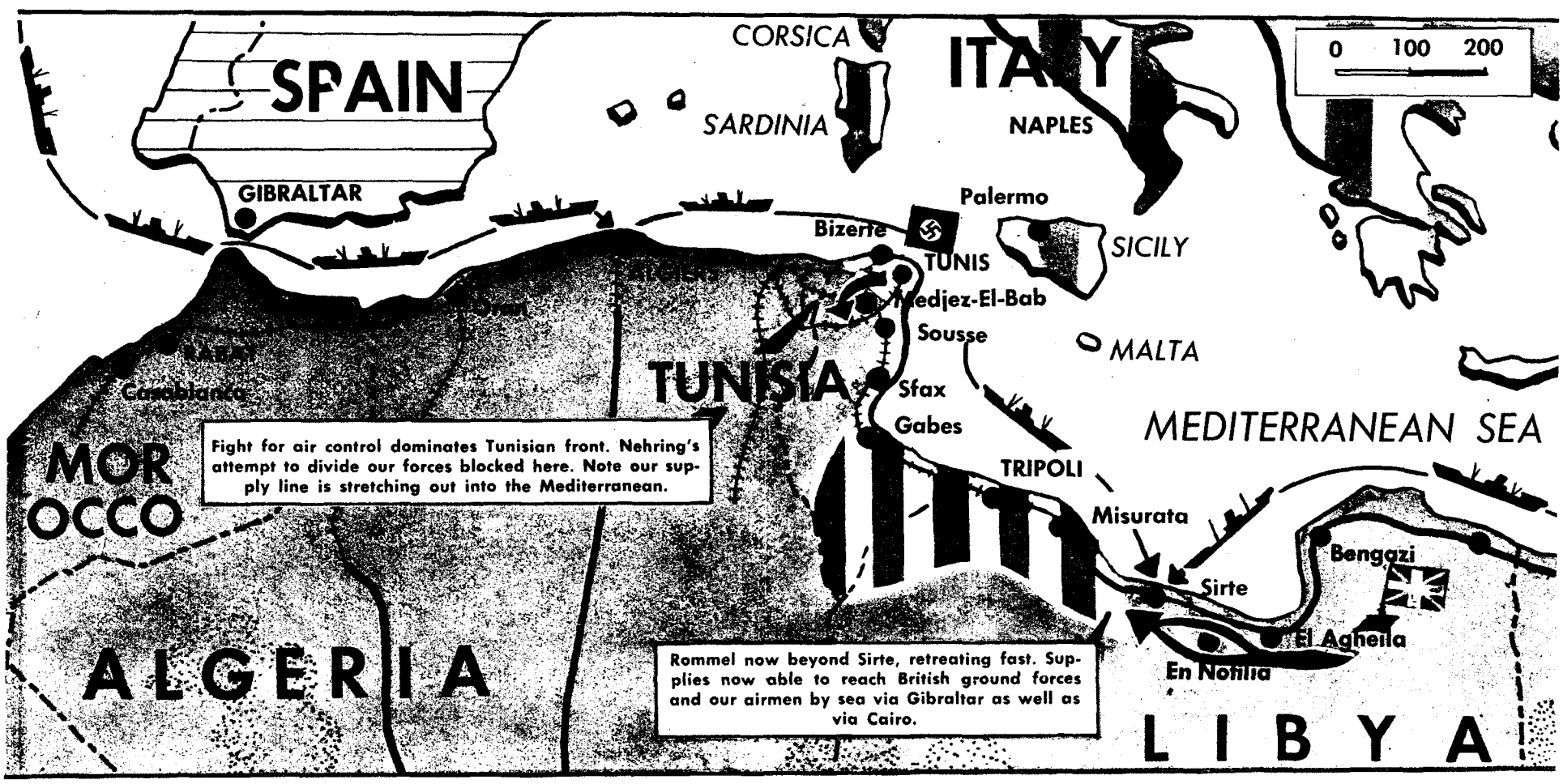
**MUCH as the Axis has gained from Jap conquest in the Far East, the United Nations have done all right during the year 1942.**

**In this war our side has lost, in square miles: Burma, 261,000; Philippines, 115,026; Borneo, 29,500; Hong Kong, 354; Malaya, 51,866; Channel Islands, Wake, Guam, Andaman Islands, 150. Total territory lost: 458,581 square miles.**

**But look at the gains: Ethiopia, 350,000; Libya, 679,358; Somaliland, 194,000; Eritrea, 15,754; Syria and Lebanon, 57,900; Madagascar, 241,094; Morocco, 231,000; Algiers, 222,180. Total taken from Axis: 1,976,032 square miles. Net gain for our side: 1,517,451 square miles.**

**We have a way to go yet in Tunisia, of course, and not counted in the figures are recapture of Papuan New Guinea now in mop-up phase, 90,540 square miles, and the 2,400 miles we've taken so far on Guadalcanal. Also not counted are the vast stretches of French Africa which came over to our side when Africa was invaded.**

**We'll admit that economically the East Indies are more valuable than our conquests, but this is a start—a hell of a good start.**

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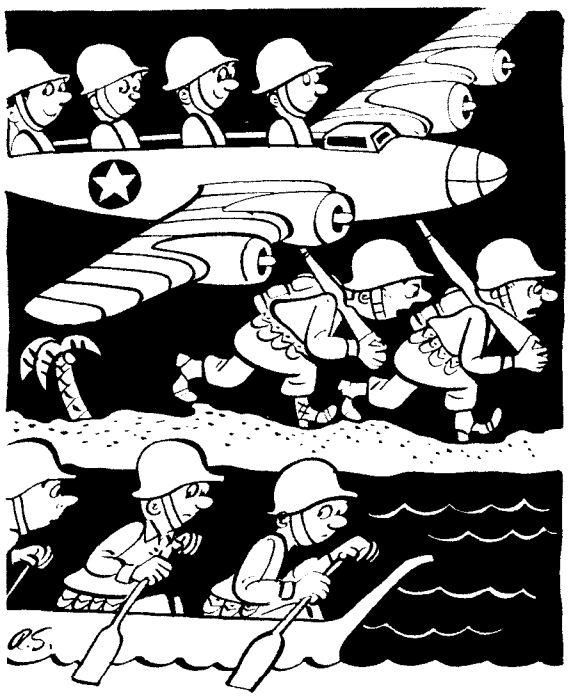
*Winter in the Aleutians. A military "town" in the Far North, consisting of tents and prefabricated huts. The hills afford protection from the wind.*

*Not exactly a table for four, but it will have to do. Near Algiers, tankers breakfast atop their tank on a lighter bound for a new battle zone.*

# Yanks at Home and Abroad

**OUR MEN REPORT ON THE STATE OF THE WORLD ON MATTERS RANGING FROM NEW GUINEA SUPERMEN TO CAIRO JEEPS**



## The Infantryman in New Guinea Does More Than Walk and Shoot

AT AN ADVANCED BASE IN NEW GUINEA [By Radio]—Every military strategist knows that this war will be won through the combined efforts of the Army, the Navy, and the Air Force, but nobody ever predicted that the American infantrymen in the New Guinea campaign would be performing some of the functions of all three branches.

In the old days, while it was commonly agreed that all battles, ultimately, were won by the infantry, not much more was required of foot soldiers than to walk and shoot.

Some things new have been added. For instance, the infantry came to New Guinea last month by air and has since accepted the plane as the most sensible means of traveling in a fairly straight line between any two given points, especially when as formidable an obstacle as the Owen Stanley Mountains lies between them. Of course, there has been the small matter of clearing landing strips in uninhabited tracts where no plane was ever set down before, but detachments of Yank jungle fighters, under the sweltering equatorial sun that keeps the sweat oozing through the pores from dawn to dusk, have hacked down trees and tall grass and made it possible for their fellow soldiers to fly in and join them.

Engineers? Sure, there are engineers around. But most of the work has been done by one-time riflemen, machine gunners, mortar squads, ammunition carriers, scouts, clerks, cooks and former goldbricks.

It's a long jump from a modern air transport to an ancient hollowed-out seagoing log but the infantrymen have taken that in stride, too. Some of them, commuting between native villages built under palm tree oases on beaches, have become accomplished at the difficult art of ferrying heavy cases of rations and ammunition on fragile outriggers not designed for military portage. Paddling through the surf and the swells with a kitchen range or a box of bullets perched precariously on a frail craft is a new adventure for these comparative landlubbers. But the infantry has won the tough and relentless battle of getting the stuff it needs where it wants it, along supply lines that are uncharted, and where there is constant danger of it breaking into a thousand parts.

Then there are feet. Doughboys have slogged over the torturous ridges of the Owen Stanleys and through the muddy trails of the soggy jungles until their shoes have simply decomposed.

Trucks? A truck is something they remember only vaguely, like a cold drink.

Some of the men, when they first started marching through the mountains, came close to equaling a record set a couple of years ago by an enterprising officer who managed to cram 71 items inside a full field pack. But they got over that. They're not trying to set any records now. First, they cut down to the absolute essentials, and then they dropped a good portion of the essentials at supply dumps. Every extra pound counts in the jungle. And not all the weight they get rid of is stuff that was once issued by a supply sergeant.

One soldier, at the end of a jungle trail, saw some Yanks emerging from the bush and was puzzled when one of them, a thin fellow weighing about 150 pounds, greeted him familiarly. He didn't recognize the newcomer until it was brought to his startled attention that the guy was a friend of his who had formerly tipped the scales at 200 pounds.

SGT. E. J. KAHN JR.
YANK FIELD CORRESPONDENT

## It Takes 49 Bottles of Iceland Beer To Give a Yank the Slightest Glow

SOMEWHERE IN ICELAND—In spite of its continued neutrality, Iceland seems to U.S. soldiers to be definitely part of the European theater of operations. To American forces on pass, Reykjavik, the principal seaport and seat of government, is an international junction. (It's pronounced Ray-ky-ah-veek, first syllable accented.)

In a single afternoon and evening these incidents may happen to a fellow from Iowa, Oregon, Florida or any of the States:

A hitch from camp on a coal truck with a bespectacled RAF clerk from Kent who was formerly a London solicitor's clerk.

*Label from Iceland beer bottle.*

Conversation with Pete, merchant marine cook out of New York's lower East Side, who was born in Piraeus, Greece. Pete confides that his countrymen will fight back to freedom with the Allied tide. Handshakes and victory vows are topped off by the joy in Pete's eyes when he hears a toast to his country.

A chat with a pink-cheeked Dane named Finn,

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in service with the Royal Norwegian Navy, who invites us to visit Reykjavik's Norwegian canteen.

A loud interruption from the chum of a Kentucky artilleryman who wants to set up the house because it's his birthday and that's the only celebration he'll have.

More pledges of Allied co-operation from a trio of Fighting French seamen excited to hear even college French among all the English and Icelandic.

Relaxation over a teapot in a cafe having the name of a U.S. city; stulkas serving the refreshments and changing records in a player which booms out "Deep in the Heart of Texas" or Eadie Lang's "Blues in the Night" through a *Telefunken* loudspeaker; other men in ODs seated about plain tables tapping their feet to the music's cadence, some of them reading the *Daily Post*, Iceland's only English-language newspaper.

If a soldier wants a complete lunch, he may get it for about 9 *kronur* ($1.39), but that doesn't matter. He's got plenty of *kronur;* there's so little to spend money on except souvenirs for home folks, and these he's not permitted to send home if they reveal his location.

Tea is 50 *aurar* (about 8 cents). It's black. One pot yields from four to six cups. So men in uniform sit sipping along and nibbling pastry—*jólakaka* (plain or raisin cake), *terta* (small pieces of layer cake), *sykurkringla* (coffee ring) or *rjomakaka* (a fancy delicacy similar to a charlotte russe).

Competing with tea in popularity are the Icelandic bottled beverages, *bjór* @ 1.50 k. and *appelsín* @ 1.25 k. Both are made by the same company. *Bjór* is the Icelandic 1 per cent beer. Pronounce it byor. Soldiers find that they have to put away about 49 bottles before they get much of a kick out of *bjór*. There's almost as much zip in *appelsín*, which is an orange pop.

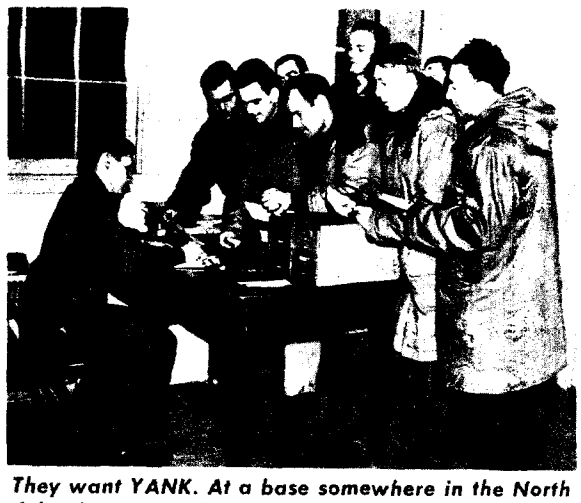
Over fish and chips at the British YMCA, an RAF mechanic from Surrey tells of his home town, blasted months ago by the enemy's bombs. The impression he gives is that Surrey took it and Surrey'll dish it out in the future. A naval gunner from the South of Wales and the Surrey lad relate how they turn back their calendars mentally every time a batch of London papers is delivered, maybe a fortnight old but always new.

In another part of the town is the nearest thing to Gaslight Billy's, Howard Johnson's or the White Castle—the G.I. PX truck vending hot dogs, hamburgers, coffee and cocoa outside the Red Cross Center. The hamburgers are only the size of a silver dollar, but what matters that to our G.Idle Rich on pass? They can buy scores of the cart-wheels on a roll for 65 *aurar*. The fact suffices that they're G.I. and U.S. and Chicago-bred—hidden in rolls from G.I. ovens in Iceland. Pass the ketchup, soldier!

Enthusiasm for hamburgers hasn't carried us from the theme of international contacts. In the line behind the guy calling for ketchup are several Royal Marines, a couple of RAF clerks, a Norwegian Air Force man and two small Icelandic boys.

When it comes to chow, they all talk the same language.

YANK'S ICELAND CORRESPONDENT



*They want YANK. At a base somewhere in the North Atlantic men gather 'round to enter subscriptions.*

## Everything But Hitler's Alarm Clock And Mussolini's Shoelace In This Jeep

CAIRO—Strangest vehicle now plying the sands of the Western desert is the jeep of Lt. George A. Finkenor, of Sag Harbor, N. Y., a hybrid machine whose innards are a curious mixture of United Nations and Axis gadgets.

Lt. Finkenor found the jeep rolled into a ditch, apparently useless, among a batch of abandoned German equipment. The jeep, a bantam with serial No. 1687, had been taken by the Germans from the British, and bore a coat of Nazi field color paint and a brace of black crosses.

Using salvaged parts picked up from battle wrecks strewn about the desert, and with no regard for the origin of the spare parts, a U. S. ordnance outfit fixed up the jeep for Lt. Finkenor. As it stands now the jeep has:

A German altimeter and a compass from a South African fighter plane on its dashboard; a gasoline tank from a wrecked Nazi truck; Italian spark plugs and a battery from a Fighting French truck; tires, one each American, British, German and Italian; horn from an Itie Fiat; seat cushion from a wrecked Jerry tank; a seat from a wrecked Junkers 88; starter from a Bren gun carrier; and ignition switch a converted light switch from the instrument panel of a German glider; and dashboard light which once lighted the instrument panel of a ME-109.

Motto of the outfit which cooked up this dish of mechanical hash: "If Ordnance Can't Do It, It Can't Be Done."

YANK'S CAIRO BUREAU

## Bermuda Still Has Its Beaches But Dames Are Scarce This Year

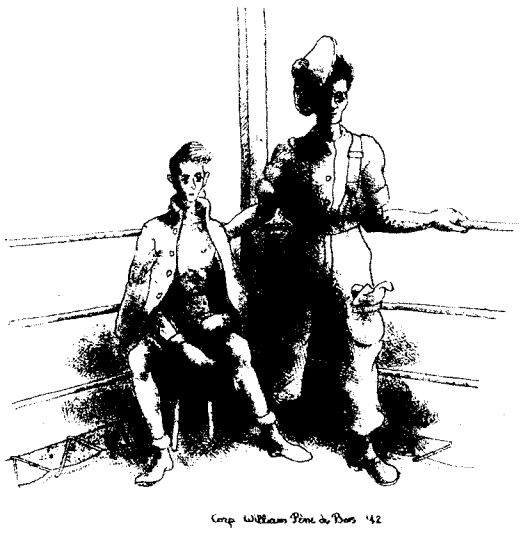
BERMUDA—One can't help but be impressed with the grandiose ideas people seem to have formed of our manner of living. The answer to the question: "Where are you stationed, soldier?" is the simple, short, and precise: "In Bermuda." This invariably causes inquirers to burst forth in wild exclamations of jealousy. They then proceed to give one an account (seemingly standardized throughout the U. S.) of just how troops in Bermuda live.

The composite picture of our life as told in the States is the blissful idea of a lazy soldier shuffling around the deep carpets of the Grand Hotel Superbe, ducking occasionally so that his rifle won't crack a Louis XV chandelier, taking a warm bath in his private sunken bathtub, lying on his deep, downy double bed and figuring: "Eighteen months at 28 bucks a day per room—gad, but this hotel is losing money on us G.I.s."

Actually there are a few men here who do live in a hotel, but a hotel, no matter how elegant, is not much different, stripped bare, from an empty warehouse.

Our friends back home continue to tell of flocks of censorettes blue-pencilling all over the Islands with only a love-starved look to mar their otherwise beautiful suntanned faces, and of pretty American stenographers looking under every rock, desperately trying to find someone to live for. There was a time before we came here when the ratio was somewhere around 10 women to every man—but now, dammit, the situation is acutely reversed.

The place is unbelievably beautiful, and the weather is quite pleasant. Last year we had a rather uncomfortable water shortage but this year God has more than made up for it, practically drowning some poor infantrymen on an extended bivouac.



Recently we had our first big USO show, a pretty terrific presentation with such big names as Carole Landis, Martha Raye, Kay Francis, Stan Kavanaugh, and Mitzi Mayfair along with some socko vaudeville acts.

Most of the English speaking nations here were represented, not so long ago, in a charity boxing show. More than 1500 spectators crammed into the little Tennis Stadium, and gave the two Bermuda Base Command champions a great ovation as they entered. Pfc. Jimmy Hinckley, command lightweight champion, and Sgt. Cliff Winchell, command welterweight champion, impressed the audience and particularly the local press by knocking their opponents out of the ring into the laps of the ringside reporters. A great display of a different sort was put on by the two entries from Scotland, short lads who spotted their opponents many inches in reach and who exhibited in defeat courage and stamina seldom seen in amateur boxing.

If this account seems a slight bring-down in spots it's to impress those who think we live in the grand manner that we are definitely aware there is a war going on, that nobody here has boasted of having found a home and well, it's the same Army.

CPL. WILLIAM PENE DU BOIS
YANK FIELD CORRESPONDENT

## TEE-TOTAL

| LETTER VALUES | | | |
|---|---|---|---|
| A | 20 | N | 7 |
| B | 11 | O | 14 |
| C | 24 | P | 19 |
| D | 4 | Q | 1 |
| E | 21 | R | 22 |
| F | 9 | S | 10 |
| G | 8 | T | 25 |
| H | 26 | U | 12 |
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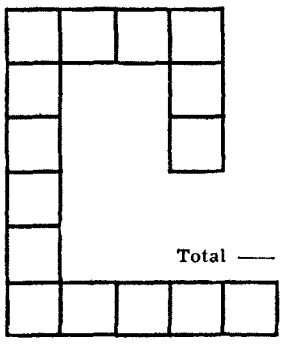
| J | 6 | W | 18 |
| K | 5 | X | 2 |
| L | 23 | Y | 17 |
| M | 16 | Z | 13 |

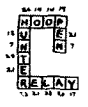



**Here's how you play Teetotal.**

**On the list above you'll see that each letter of the alphabet has been given a numerical value. You are to fill the diagram with words, using the highest value letters as often as possible. The object of the game is to see if you can beat the par score given in the diagram below—and by how much.**

**Your score is determined by adding together the separate values of all the 15 letters in your diagram.**

*Par: 269. Can you top this?* Send in your score. Address: Puzzle Editor, YANK, 205 E. 42nd St., N. Y. C. Highest score will be published with name of sender.





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# Who Said California Desert Maneuvers Were Tougher Than Libya?

SOMEWHERE IN THE LIBYAN DESERT

Dear YANK:

YOUR Sept. 22 issue has just arrived; the last one I remember seeing was dated sometime around Aug. 1. As might be expected, the article "Desert Warfare," by Sgt. Bill Davidson, has been read with more than ordinary interest by those of us out here who were fortunate enough to get our hands on a copy of the paper. And the comments on this article. Ooh! What they said!

Now, YANK, I am a Californian and I am fairly well acquainted with California's desert terrain, from Mexico right up through Death Valley and the Owens Valley country and back again, and when Sgt. Bill flatly states that nothing in the world can compare with its horrible desolation, not even Libya and Egypt, why, then, one of two things is wrong. Either Reporter Bill is not the expert on Libya and Egypt that he assumes himself to be, or else he is just a plain G.I. prevaricator and his nice little article is only a mess of hokum to kid the folks back home and make those poor boys who have to get along on a gallon of water a day feel like big brave heroes, out there at least 40 miles from town in that horrible California desert. Hell's fire, mister, if we could have a gallon of water a day, we'd feel like millionaires. One canteen full is our quota, when we can get a canteen full, and then it's brackish and muddy and chlorinated.

And they have to fight the desert, do they, and the dust and the sky and the 130-degree heat and the simmering nights?

Well, well! We never heard of such things. Did Sgt. Bill ever see a ——— storm out here? (We have a word for it, but you can't print it.) In more than 20 years, I've never seen a California desert storm to equal the two- and three-day storms here, when you can't see your hand in front of you for dust, and it clogs up your nose, and your ears, and your eyes, and it sifts through *everything* you try to use for protection. And remember, brother, one canteen of water a day, to drink and clean up with—only in those storms the bowsers can't find the water holes. Well, we keep airplanes serviceable in 'em, and our pilots fly through 'em.

Rattlesnakes and scorpions, eh? Mister, out here, a fellow who hasn't been bitten at least three times by a scorpion is a pansy, and any self-respecting rattlesnake would wriggle out of this country faster than a recruit going through the gate with a three-day pass.

You could dump all the cock-eyed California deserts out here in this country and lose them completely. From where we are located right now it is 700 miles to the nearest town with any civilian population, and 690 some of that is behind the Jerry lines. We figure it will be easier to go there than all the way back from where we started, so that's where we are bound.

Tell Sgt. Sigmon to quit worrying about whether he'll get cold beer in Egypt. He won't. In fact, he won't get beer. Not when he's on a push like we've been on for the past six weeks. He'll be lucky to get a few blasted English cigarettes at twice what Camels cost at home. He won't be eating American rations either, but for breakfast hard tack soaked in canned milk (1 part) and water (9 parts), and canned stew for the other two meals, if he gets the other two. And tea. No coffee, mind you—just tea, made with tepid, chlorinated water.

And he won't have a radio to listen to, or a USO to minister to his every wish. He'll go without a shave for many days, and without a bath for many weeks, and he sho' 'nuff won't use a precious thing like water to wash clothes in. Of course, he can emulate the Germans and get his strength through joy by digging slit trenches in solid rock, or driving bamboo tent pegs into the same.

At least, that will be his lot unless he comes with a darned big American Army. The British lads out here say that MEF (Middle East Forces) really means "Men England Forgot." But shucks, man, they've got a whole durned army out here, and if England forgets a few hundred thousand men tucked away out here, we wonder if the U.S.A. ever heard of us. You may have seen, back on page 17, or thereabouts, that an unidentified fighter group, believed to be Americans, knocked down about 50 Axis airplanes in one period of less than three weeks. Well, that's us, and we've been here many months.

WELL, YANK, you may be kidding all the folks at home, including the boys in the California desert, but you just ain't spoofing us a bit. But you'd better tell 'em to hurry over here if they want to get in on this soft job in Libya (we've already disposed of Egypt), or the rigors of their training in California will have gone for naught and they might have to be sent to the Sunset Strip in Hollywood to train for the battle of Paris.

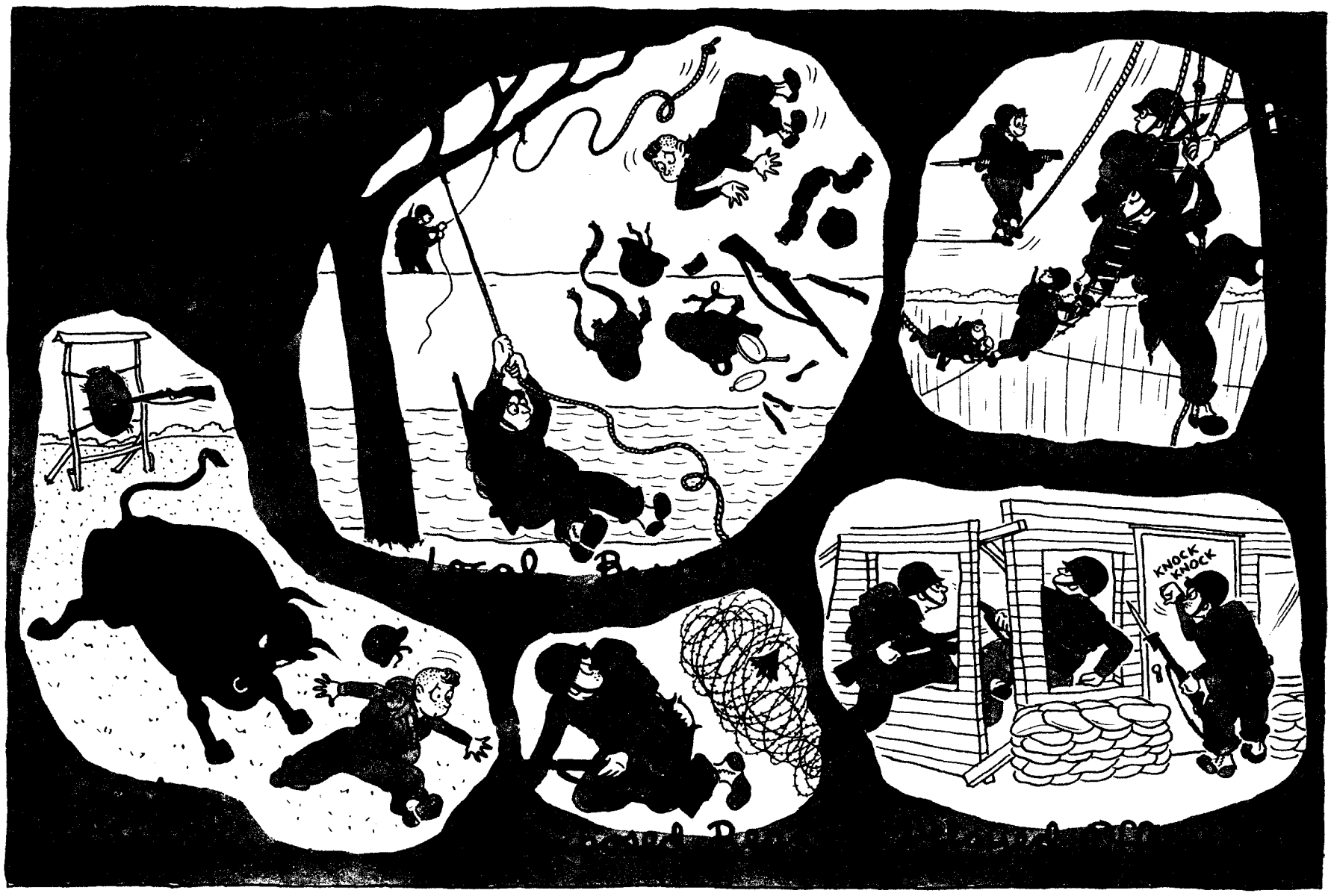
But don't get the idea that we are beefing. You don't hear any squawks around here. In fact, we're lucky. It isn't every man who has a chance to get this far away from his mother-in-law. All in all, this is a much nicer war than the last, and I know whereof I speak, for I was a doughboy in the 32nd Division last time. All I'm sweating about now is that good old army of occupation. If it is as much fun this time as it was last, I'll be very happy about the whole thing.

The season's greetings, and merry booby traps and happy JU-88s to the boys in California. Best regards and good wishes.

SGT. CHARLES B. BIETRY

P.S.—How do you like this Italian stationery? We get a little loot, even in the Air Force.

G.I. Joe by Sgt. Dave Breger



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# Shake hands with Suzy Q

## This Grand Old Lady, a Battle-Scarred Veteran Who Has Been Slugging It Out with the Japs for Almost a Year, Reigns as the Queen of the Army's Flying Fortresses

By PVT. HOWARD MAIER
YANK Field Correspondent

DUNCAN FIELD, TEX.—The fightin'est Flying Fortress in the whole U. S. Army Air Forces flew in here a few weeks ago for repairs and overhaul, after almost a year of constant combat, during which she completely encircled the globe and fought in the battles of the Coral Seas, Java, the Macassar Straits, the Celebes and the Solomon Islands.

On her battered, bullet-pocked sides is painted her name—"Suzy-Q." Jap fighter pilots over the Pacific have come to know the Suzy-Q and to fear her. In the Southwest Pacific theater of war, she has become something of a legend.

The Suzy-Q has been hit a countless number of times, engines have been knocked out and replaced; she has slugged it out with Zero fighters in superior numbers and made forced landings. But always she comes up off the ground to fight back again and again.

Air Force men in the Southwest Pacific are inclined to think that the Suzy-Q has sunk more ships and killed more Japs than any other plane of ours in the entire war.

Her saga is a long one. On last New Year's Day, the Suzy-Q left Seattle and flew to Tampa, Fla. Onward from there, she covered thousands and thousands of miles—across the Caribbean to Trinidad, then to Brazil, from there across the Atlantic to West Africa, up over the jungle to the headwaters of the Nile River, down the Nile to Cairo, up along the edge of the Mediterranean, over Palestine, Syria, and Iraq, down across the back of the world and out over the Indian Ocean to India and Ceylon, and then finally to the Island of Java.

The battle for Java had just begun when the Suzy-Q arrived. She immediately joined the issue in that ill-fated last stand. From a Dutch base she bombed the Japanese horde that drove in relentlessly for the kill.

"We kept knocking them out of the sky and water as fast as we could let go," says Maj. Felix Hardison, her pilot and commander. "But there just were too many of them for us."

### She Was Last to Leave Java

When the high command decided to abandon Java, with three other Flying Fortresses, the Suzy-Q went out on the last raid. She got a ship and then another ship and exhausted her bomb racks on the invading landing forces. Then for hours she flew around, hiding in the clouds, until night fell and she could come safely home to her Dutch base.

The Jap ground forces were within 15 miles of the base before the Suzy-Q took off again.

She was the last heavy bomber to leave Java.

"That was a sight to see," says Sgt. John A. Irons, the tail gunner. "It was a solid black night, then suddenly, right under our tail, the whole earth seemed to blow up in one solid red burst.

"The Dutch had blown up the runways, the

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hangars, and the fuel dumps. They had only waited until we got off. The Dutch are a wonderful people."

Maj. Hardison and every member of the crew of the Suzy-Q have been decorated for bravery in action at least twice. The "Old Man," as the crew calls him, wears a Silver Star with three clusters and the Order of the Purple Heart.

The Order of the Purple Heart, awarded for meritorious action under fire, was earned, curiously enough, in saving the life of the Suzy-Q herself.

The Fortress was on the runway of the Dutch base in Java when the Japs came over in force, bombing low and ground-strafing, trying hard to get her. Maj. Hardison and his co-pilot tore down the runway under a hail of lead and bomb fragments, climbed into Suzy and took her off into the air, where she withstood all challenges.

"You get very attached to a plane," explains the major. "You don't like people going around and taking pot shots at her, especially while the lady's on the ground and can't defend herself."

### Who's Who of Suzy-Q's Crew

The rest of the crew is an interesting bunch. Lt. Ellsworth E. McRoberts of Dallas, Tex., is one of the youngest pilots in the Army Air Forces, for instance. The navigator, Lt. Albert T. Nice of New York, is, according to the crew, "a man with a curly mustache and no nerves who never misses," always bringing the Suzy-Q directly over the objective no matter what the distance or the weather. "In combat," one of the crew says, "he never bothers to stay behind the armor plate. He walks around, cool as a cucumber, passing everybody ammunition. It's a pleasure just to watch him."

M/Sgt. Durward W. Fesmire, the bombardier, is 31 and hails from Portalas, N. Mex. Here's one story his mates tell about him: "About 100 miles out of Lae we sighted a Jap destroyer and tanker. We came in low, then up and level, and Fez drops one on one side of each ship, right and left, then one right down the middle. We left them both burning merrily. And you can bet nobody got to shore—not alive anyway."

M/Sgt. John A. Ceckeler, 36, comes from Clifton Heights, Pa. Besides his Silver Star and clusters, he has a Distinguished Flying Cross. "We're going into Rabaul, flying low," says one of the crew. "We're ground-strafing, and John climbs into the top turret and knocks down a flak tower from the top of a hill. That was probably the only antiaircraft emplacement ever shot down from below by a plane."

They tell a story, too, about T/Sgt. William E. Bostwick, 26, of Winslow, Ariz. "In one action, Bill is up in the top turret, pounding away, when some antiaircraft burst right inside the bomb bay. Bill's wearing only shorts, not even his own—he hooked them from some Australian—and he gets it in his backside. He's even afraid to look down because he's all blood. He couldn't sit down for days."

S/Sgt. Orville W. Kiger, 21, a gunner from Winchester, Va., acted as a bombardier on one raid. "Kiger had hardly ever been up in the bombardier's nest, but we were short and the old man picked him out," one of the crew says. "So another bombardier in another plane gives him a quick lesson and tells him, 'When you see the lead ship drop her load pull your lever.' We go into Palenbang Harbor, hedge-hopping, and see a convoy really loaded. The lead ship lets go. Kiger flips, and of the whole squadron he was the only one to hit a ship. He never went back in the nest, though. He liked the guns."

Sgt. John A. Irons, 22, comes from Settingbourne, Kent, England, and sports a clipped mustache. Here's the crew's tale about him: "When the Japs came in on Broome, North Australia, we were on the ground. The field was lined with pipes and the bullets kept bouncing off them like a tap dance. John grabs a .30 machine gun, but the back plate sticks, and he gets himself a screwdriver and works it with that. He got a plane, too."

When you ask Maj. Hardison about his crew, he says, "They're as much a part of the Suzy-Q as the engines, propellers, and the bomb racks."

The first major battle that the Suzy-Q joined from Australia was the battle of the Coral Seas. On Aug. 26 and 27, at Milne Bay, she hit a warship and damaged her, sunk or damaged a cruiser, and surely sunk a transport. She carried out bombing mission after bombing mission on Lae, Milne Bay, Koepang, Timor, Buna Bay and Rabaul.

"Rabaul was the place," said Fesmire, the bombardier, with satisfaction. "Jap shipping was always in the harbor in force. I'm sure of one cruiser in there. We got one or two ships every night we went in."

Returning one night from a raid on Rabaul, the Suzy-Q, with two engines gone, ran into a head wind and fuel ran so low that the Old Man gave the word for the crew to bail out.

"I told them I was going to try to put her down and asked them to bail out. All hands elected to stay with the Suzy-Q."

The forced landing was in Australian bush country, a tree-covered wilderness with few open spots. Suzy came down in the only open patch for miles around, in what the natives call "melon hole" country, because the ground is so pitted with large holes. Somehow, the Suzy-Q dodged the holes.

For eight days, the first three without water, the crew subsisted on their iron rations, then they shot a wild boar and varied the diet. On the third day, almost dead of thirst, they discovered water.

"Mostly those first three days, I dreamt of water," said Ceckeler. "Lakes, river, pools, anything with water. The last of the third day I saw only one thing all the time, water pouring out of a kitchen tap."

During the eight days, the entire crew worked at filling the melon holes. The radio man got his set working and contacted the base. Planes came over and dropped supplies. Bush natives came in and helped fill the holes to make a runway.

On the eighth day, stripped of her heavy armor and her guns, the Suzy-Q took off under her own power and under the hand of her own pilot returned safely to her secret base in northern Australia.

"But the old lady never got a real test," says the major. "The battle of the Solomons was just shaping up and she sure had to be in that.

"There, for the first time, I could tell how hard we'd been knocking the Japs. The quality of their fighter pilots had changed from one of the best to not quite so good. They don't maneuver nearly so well, and they don't seem to close their attack with the same aggressiveness that they displayed in Java, where their men were every bit as good as ours. Now you can feel the difference. We must have killed an awful lot of their experienced flyers."

Not counting combat mileage, the Suzy-Q has travelled over 35,000 miles; she has crossed the equator four times; she's the first Flying Fortress to circumnavigate the globe with her original crew.

She's flown on countless bombing missions, fought anything and everything the Japs have to offer, and she has always come out top dog.

"If there's a decoration for ships," said Maj. Hardison, "I want one for the Suzy-Q."

Maj. Felix Hardison

Sgt. John Irons

Soupy Campbell

Citizen Penwarden

## Here Are the Men Who Flew Suzy-Q to Java, the Coral Seas, Macassar Straits, Celebes and Solomons

**THESE men expected action when they left Tampa, Fla., Jan. 1, 1942, on the Suzy-Q and headed across the Atlantic to West Africa. And they got plenty of it during the next 12 months, fighting the Japs all over Java, the Macassar Straits, the Coral Seas, the Celebes and the Solomons, before returning to the U. S. with the distinction of being the first Flying Fortress crew to circumnavigate the globe in their original ship. They refuse to take any credit themselves. If any decorations are handed out, they want them to be pinned on Suzy.**

T/Sgt. Bill Bostwick

Lt. Albert Nice

M/Sgt. John Ceckeler

M/Sgt. Durward Fesmire

S/Sgt. Orville Kiger

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# NEWS FROM HOME

## Skimming the Week on the Home Front

"America is still the land of the free," said Attorney General Francis Biddle on Dec. 15, the 151st anniversary of Bill of Rights Day. "Our courts are open, our elections unchanged, our speech still free. Our democracy has stood the tensions of total war. What the leaders of totalitarianism did not take into account was the fiber of toughness—toughness of the people, toughness of the fiber of our liberty."

Proclaiming Jan. 12 as Farm Mobilization Day, President Roosevelt praised farmers for record harvests in the past three successive years and asked farmers to gather together on that day to discuss ways and means of insuring for 1943 the maximum production of vital foods. . . . Farm production in 1942 topped the total for 1941 by 14 per cent.

Price Chief Leon Henderson resigned, pleading ill health. He will be replaced by Senator Prentiss Brown of Michigan, who led the Senate fight for price-control measures. . . . All gasoline ration cards for private individuals were cancelled temporarily along the Eastern seaboard, and only commercial vehicles could obtain gasoline. . . . The Senate passed legislation allowing coinage of 3-cent pieces.

Shipyards set a new monthly high by delivering 68 Liberty ships in November. . . . Secretary of the Navy Knox disclosed that of 2,000 merchant ships ascorted across the Atlantic in 13 months, only eight were lost.

In Atlanta the FBI picked up the first woman ever arrested for impersonating a WAAC. . . . Kathryn Gregory, the shapely, red-haired WAAC who went AWOL to become a strip-tease artist, got an "other-than-honorable" discharge, found that no theater would hire her now.

Wendell Willkie was given the American Hebrew medal for 1942 because of his "continuously vigorous, intelligent and forthright battle for the preservation of the American way of life." . . . The U. S. Circuit Court of Appeals upheld the conviction of William Dudley Pelley, Indiana "Silver Shirt" leader, and his 15-year sentence for sedition.

In New York Isidore H. Herk, coproducer of the revue "Wine, Women and Song" which a jury had found to be an "obscene, indecent, immoral and impure exhibition," was sent to prison for six months. . . . After six weeks of marriage, Tommy Manville parted from his sixth wife. . . . Lt. Comdr. Jack Dempsey, USCG, and Hannah Williams were reported headed for the divorce courts.

***Blonde Mildred Kathleen Miller, 18, is the Queen of the 1943 Tournament of Roses at Pasadena, Calif. A big War Bond rally replaces the traditional roses parade this year.***

# People Back Home—

### ARIZONA

**At Phoenix, City Manager Richard H. Smith resigned; Police Chief Don Steward was removed from office, and City Magistrate John H. Udall's office was vacated following a military order declaring the city "off bounds." Roy J. Heyne, businessman, took over the city government.**

### ARKANSAS

McGehee, Dermot, Lake Village, Eudora and Wilmot got cheaper gas rates through a Federal Power Commission ruling. At Atkins, Mrs. Henry Beaver, first World War mail carrier, has taken up the job again. Sixty Little Rock attorneys, 25 per cent of the town's lawyers, are in the armed services. Conference members will ask Arkansas Athletic Association permission for high-school cage teams to play commercial league, independent and service fives, as the conference is dissolved for the duration. The 30-day race meet at Hot Springs is tentatively scheduled to begin Feb. 22. College presidents meeting with Education Commissioner Jones approved the plan to allow capable students to skip the 12th grade, and receive high-school diplomas and credit for the first year of college. At Leslie, an unusual War Bond auction netted $16,900, with one of Mrs. Bill Seegar's pies selling for $1,200 and five gallons of gas going for $400 in War Bonds.

### CALIFORNIA

*San Diego's 10-cents-a-day tax on trailers was approved by OPA, will yield $50,000 annual revenue. At Coronado, 10 of the town's 12 policemen have joined the armed forces. Ventura's Christmas star, overlooking the Ventura School for Girls, was dark this year. At San Francisco, "Father" William E. Riker, boss of "Holy City," was acquitted on all counts of an indictment charging him with sedition. Walter P. Murphy, Los Angeles philanthropist, died.*

### CONNECTICUT

At New Haven, Yale's class of 1943 graduated six months ahead of schedule; most graduates will enter the armed services immediately. At Hartford, the State Theater cancelled the scheduled appearance of Margie Hart, strip-tease artist of the New York-banned "Wine, Women and Song," after the Catholic Transcript protested. At New Haven, State Comptroller Dowe was named chairman of the Democratic State Central Committee, succeeding John T. McCarthy, and Gov. Hurley replaced the late David E. Fitzgerald as Democratic National Committeeman. At South Windsor, The Rev. Edward G. Rosenberger was burned to death when the parish house of St. Francis' Catholic Church was destroyed by fire.

### FLORIDA

**At Fort Lauderdale, Wallace Ayers, an attendant, and three animals were killed when a free-for-all started at the Clyde Beatty Zoo. At Palm Beach, the Duke and Duchess of Windsor separated on a downtown street for a Christmas shopping tour.**

### GEORGIA

*At Macon, two train crewmen were killed and a motorist burned to death when a Central of Georgia train collided with an auto. At Atlanta, Mrs. Burma Lee Taylor, 21, was arrested, held for the FBI on a charge of impersonating a WAAC.*

### ILLINOIS

At Chicago, 3,000 to 4,000 high school students were given vacations to be store clerks. Mayor Kelly's committee to investigate the acquittal of four members of the old police morals squad reported they should have been found guilty, and the four were suspended. George Henneman, business agent for the Painters District Council, got six months for tossing bricks through a restaurant window after a labor dispute. Aldermen are taking steps to assure all men who left city jobs that they'll get them back when they return from armed service. Herman Klix, 83, was given a $1 fine (suspended) when he tossed a loaf of bread, a pound of cheese and a jar of mustard through a street-car window when the motorman refused to back the car off a pedestrian right-of-way. Chicago lost a five-year fight against the sale of milk in paper cartons when Circuit Judge B. J. Epstein ruled a paper container is really a standard milk bottle. High schools of Chicago are having a controversy over girls wearing slacks, with boys saying "no," girls "yes" and teachers divided. Student soldiers were called to guard duty at Lindblom High School where 300 pupils went on strike over transfer of Principal Butler Laughlin to Harper High School and his replacement by Harry F. Yates.

### INDIANA

*Transportation difficulties have caused basketball fans concern over the Spring tournament. Mrs. Caroline Payne, Bloomington newspaper executive, got from 2 to 21 years for the fatal shooting of Charles O. Mattingly. In Indianapolis, a bandit returned for the third time in 10 days to the James White meat market, got a load of buckshot in the neck instead of the contents of the till. All funds needed for the Pioneer Mothers Memorial Forest at Paoli have been raised. Anderson's last GAR veteran, Levi P. Keltner, 98, died. A motorist at Ft. Wayne, making 65 m.p.h., had his gas-ration book revoked.*

### IOWA

In Fayette County, old-age pensioners were urged to go to work, and told their pensions would not be stopped. Polk County attorney Francis J. Kuble asked state liquor agents to help enforce laws against illicit liquor sales and slot machines. At Des Moines, City Safety Commissioner Koenigsberger followed his declaration that Des Moines will be a "Sunday School town" with police raids and injunctions against several night spots. Ottumwa and Sioux City followed Des Moines' lead with cleanup raids. At Hampton, J. M. Booth succeeded the late George C. Ford as mayor. Des Moines cafes report a scarcity of hamburger. At New Vienna, 3-months-old Siamese twin daughters of Mr. and Mrs. Floyd Sabers died. Allen Baines, Spirit Lake, charged with the murder of his sister, Mabel, was committed to the insane ward at Anamosa. The 2,080-acre Woods Brothers farm in Cerro Gordo county sold for a reported $137,500.

### KANSAS

**Myrtle L. Flowers, of Wichita, employee of Gerald B. Winrod, was indicted by a federal grand jury in Washington on two counts of corrupt perjury, in connection with the jury's investigation of Winrod.**

### KENTUCKY

Burley tobacco sales opened in Kentucky, with prices topping $40 per hundred. At Maysville market, Mrs. John D. Meyers and Emmitt Meyers sold 2,258 pounds for a $47.84 per hundred average. J. Dan Talbott, finance commissioner, announced his retirement from politics Jan. 15. At Ghent, James Tandy Ellis, 74, newspaper columnist, died, and Earl W. Senff, 64, seven times Montgomery County judge, died at Mt. Sterling. Commodity Credit Corporation approved 11 hemp-breaking mills costing $200,000 each for Kentucky. One each will be located at Henderson and Owensboro. More than 800 striking miners of the Black Star Coal Corporation in Harlan and Bell Counties returned to work, agreeing to arbitration, but later 600 again walked out.

### LOUISIANA

At Baton Rouge, Easton High School beat Baton Rouge 27-12 for the South Louisiana football title. Eighty per cent of the 1942 rice crop in Southwest Louisiana has been sold in one of the fastest markets in years. State Conservation Commissioner McHugh asked the WPB to allot containers to raw oyster packers until substitutes can be devised. WPB had ordered the container supply stopped Dec. 31. At New Orleans, a manpower shortage is developing, and George H. Gardiner, of the Association of Commerce, said more women must be hired. At the New Orleans Fairgrounds, Whirlaway won the $12,500 purse in the Louisiana Handicap. New Orleans' Superintendent of Police Reyer ordered raids after "complaints that handbooks are being operated." At New Orleans, Federal Judge Borah heard the oath of allegiance of 352 aliens.

### MAINE

*Maine hunters bagged 2,700,000 pounds of venison during the open season, relieving the meat shortage considerably. Because of gas rationing, Maine residents had a monopoly on this year's hunting. The Rev. Charles B. Rodway, acting pastor of the Spurwink Church, went to the Federated Church at Mechanics Falls. The Rev. L. H. Horton of Richmond will shift to the Blaisdell Memorial Baptist Church in Waterboro. The Rev. Andrew K. Richards of the Bangor Theological Seminary was appointed pastor of the Stonington Congregational Church. At Bath, Patrolman Edward L. Gaudreau has been named night police captain.*

### MASSACHUSETTS

At Lowell, city employees will get pay boosts to balance living cost increases. The county agricultural agent warned Cape Cod residents to devote more time to raising crops and less time to harvesting tourists next Summer. At Northampton, Smith College

## Butt me no butts

Not mentioning names, there's a yardbird in our company who collects cigarette butts wherever he can find 'em. He rolls his own (swears he can do it with one hand while riding a horse) and he knows from experience that he can roll one good cigarette from the tobacco of six butts. One day, when business was particularly good, he accumulated a small fortune of 36 butts.

Now this cowboy yardbird smokes his cigarettes at the rate of one every 25 minutes. How long did that day's supply last him? *(Solution on page 23)*

## Match this!

"FOR the law of averages," boasted Pvt. Cope to Sgt. Sharp, "I have nothing but contempt." And to illustrate his point, he tore a single match out of a book of paper matches. On one side of the match he wrote 10c, on the other side 25c.

"I'll toss this match up," said Pvt. Cope, "and if it lands with the 10c showing I'll pay you 10c, but if it lands with the 25c showing you pay me a quarter."

"Mix," said Sgt. Sharp. "I get a conscience. That would be taking money for nothing!"

"O.K.," replied Pvt. Cope. "If that's the way you feel, let's also make it that if the match lands on the edge so that you can see both the 10c and the 25c, you pay me 35c."

"Lands on its edge!" laughed Sgt. Sharp. "You certainly don't give a hoot about the law of averages. All right, you asked for it. You're on—toss that match!"

**QUERY: Is Pvt. Cope a dope? ANSWER: NOPE! Why? ? ?**

*(Solution on page 23)*



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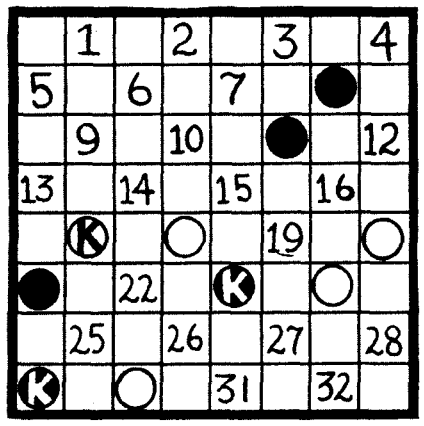
## Checkerboard Strategy




Here's a pretty situation! Five checkers against five, but Black has two Kings to Red's one King. Nevertheless Red CAN WIN IN FOUR MOVES. See if you can discover how.

(If you give up, the solution appears on page 23. To follow the solution, simply number the playing squares of your checkerboard as shown—from 1 to 32 consecutively.) *Red to move and win in 4 moves.*

girls were organized to clear their own walks of heavy snows. A tax increase is certain in Attleboro next year. Fall River expects a 50,000-vote total in the race between Mayor Alexander C. Murray and ex-Mayor Edmond P. Talbot. Mayor Albert W. Glynn of Haverhill defeated Donald J. Atwood and thus won a third term. State Correction Commissioner Lyman is considering pardons or paroles for 59 prisoners who risked their lives in medical research tests; one prisoner died. A special State commission recommended legalization of local option state controlled parimutuel booking offices. At South Hadley, Miss Frances Almira Dean, 97, oldest living Mt. Holyoke graduate, was honored on her birthday. Few if any Winter sports enthusiasts are visiting the Berkshires this winter due to lack of transportation. In Boston, 30,000 pounds of horse meat from Kansas was sold for human consumption. Boston had a million-dollar fire in its shopping district, its third serious fire in recent weeks.

### MICHIGAN

**At Detroit, production was resumed at seven war plants of the Bohn Aluminum Co., after a two-day wage protest strike by CIO-UAW members. At Mt. Pleasant, three persons died and 13 were rescued when fire destroyed the Munro Hotel. At Detroit, five persons were injured when a street car jumped tracks after a collision with two railway busses in the downtown area.**

### MISSOURI

*At Columbia, child welfare authorities planned psychiatric treatments for Herbert Fox, 12, who killed Billy Meadows, 5. Two scrap-collecting St. Louis enthusiasts and Ralph Coghlan,* Post-Dispatch *editorial writer, were charged with grand larceny when they tried to move an old cannon from the capitol grounds in Jefferson City to the scrap heap. At St. Louis a grand jury indicted the three supervisors of County Court on charges of embezzlement, for making a bad loan of school funds. Kansas City ministers got behind a movement for stricter liquor laws. A bill was proposed for a transportation boss in St. Louis. In eastern Missouri, coal is holding out, but dealers say the pinch may come late in January, when customers' bins usually become empty.*

### NEBRASKA

At Omaha, Fred Ware, sports editor of the *World-Herald*, became city editor on the retirement of B. F. Sylvester. Floyd Olds became sports editor. The Nebraska Penitentiary and Genoa Prison Farm lead State institutions in canning of vegetables from victory gardens. Mr. and Mrs. Elton Fee of Omaha and Lincoln, imprisoned by the Japs in Manila, now have a daughter, born in internment camp. All-Missouri Valley Conference football teams include Tony Porto, Vince Miller and Barney Burdick of Creighton. The All-Big-Six team, picked by coaches, includes Bert Elkhorn, Missouri, and W. G. Lamb, Oklahoma, ends; Victor Schleich, Nebraska, and Edward Hodges, Missouri, tackles; Mike Fitzgerald, Missouri, and Clare Morford, Oklahoma, guards; Jack Marsee, Oklahoma, center; Huel Hammel, Oklahoma, quarterback; Ray Evans, Kansas, and Bob Steuder, Missouri, halfbacks; and Paul Darling, Iowa State, fullback.

### NEW HAMPSHIRE

*Guy S. Neal, of Ackworth, retired as sergeant-at-arms of the Great and General Court. All other elective officers of the House and Senate seek re-election.*

### NEW JERSEY

**At Atlantic City, the fire department ordered "Dude Ranch," Boardwalk night club, closed until fire hazards are removed. David C. Thornhill, 80, a Pinkerton agent for 56 years, died at Ridgewood. At Jersey City, Louis A. Vierbuchen, motorman of the Hudson & Manhattan Tube train wrecked in April, went on trial on five charges of manslaughter. At Norwood, high school boys and girls took over office jobs at the police station.**

### NEW MEXICO

*New Mexico farmers, 39,275 of whom operate 2,496,270 acres, exceeded wartime acreage goals for barley, grain sorghums, long-staple cotton, wheat, oats and peanuts. State sheep growers' total wool clip will be 16,440,000 pounds this year. At Belen, Dr. W. D. Radclifee, pioneer physician, died. At Albuquerque, Acting Chief of Police Pat Dugan requested that a technical charge of murder be filed against him in the fatal shooting of Patrolman Harold P. Wickham. Albuquerque has again asked PWA to build two water lines and a new reservoir; cost, $300,000. At Albuquerque, Dr. A. B. Stewart recovered after being stabbed by a patient. New Mexico sports writers voted Coach Tony Wilson's Albuquerque Bulldogs state prep grid champions. New Mexico's birth rate was the highest in the nation for the third year.*

### NEW YORK

At Buffalo, Principal Milton Gurvitz, 22, admitted setting fire to Sanborn school. George Feyl, 52, jumped to his death from the ninth floor of the Genesee Hotel in Buffalo. At Depew, Marvin Germain, attorney, was convicted of accepting a bribe while appeal agent for a draft board. Gov. Poletti urged legislation to make public utilities pay for water diverted from the Niagara River at a rate of $1,500,000 a year. At Niagara Falls, a federal grand jury cleared Mayor-Elect Stephen Lamb of criminal intent on the government's charge that he's an alien and ineligible to hold office. New president of Buffalo's Marine Trust Company, succeeding the late George Rand, is Charles Diefendorf. James McCormick Mitchell, Buffalo, is the new president of the New York State Bar Association. At Albany, students may enroll in New York State College of Teachers in January. Jack Doyle, Broadway betting commissioner, died. Delivery of all New York City newspapers except PM halted for four days when delivery drivers struck. At Hamilton, Colgate U. held its first Winter commencement since 1902. Iroquois Indians will not receive their annual gift of percale and muslin from the government because of manufacturers' inability to provide the material. Joseph Matane of Watervliet is being questioned by State troopers regarding the death of his wife, Rose. In Brooklyn, Sol Pollack, policeman, heard a tapping sound from a manhole cover on a storm sewer; removing the cover he found three youths in a row boat who had been fishing and were swept 10 blocks up the sewer by the tide.

### NORTH CAROLINA

*At Wilson, Dr. C. Lydon Harell and Dr. A. A. Burke, of Norfolk, Va., tied in election for president of the Seaboard Medical Association. Dr. Harell won on the toss of a coin. Tornadic winds caused one Columbus County death and much property damage. Counties hit included Mecklenburg, Union, Columbus, Lenoir, Lee and Cumberland. Most Republicans won in Watauga County after the State Board of Elections threw out 274 Democratic and 30 Republican ballots. At Charlotte, the board of directors of the state Junior Chamber of Commerce asked Congress to allow fellows of 18, 19 and 20 in the armed services to vote. R. L. McMillan of Raleigh was appointed State Director of Civilian Defense, succeeding former Mayor Ben E. Douglas of Charlotte. North Carolina liquor stores have begun to ration liquor. Fifty deer were bagged in four two-day hunts in Mount Mitchell Game Refuge. At Charlotte, North Carolina all-star high school football players defeated the South Carolina all-star team, 33-0, and Greensboro High School won the state championship by defeating Gastonia High School, 12-6.*

### OHIO

*At Cleveland, fire caused $100,000 damage at the Great Lakes Paper Box Co. At Columbus, Mrs. Evelyn Linley died from burns received when she carried her two children from their burning home; one child died. Mike Dejan, Birmingham outfielder slated for Cincinnati, is now in the Army. Paul Derringer is the only Red left over from the era before Bill McKechnie became manager, now that Eddie Joost has shifted to the Braves. Ohio may close down on the sale of wet goods in state stores until liquor rationing begins. Cincinnati has shipped 1,200 pieces of clothing to Russia. The U. S. Senate has confirmed the appointment of Charles J. Bocklet as postmaster in Cincinnati.*

### OKLAHOMA

**At Oklahoma City, Draft Board Chairman J. B. Watson said he would give electricians who walk off war construction jobs to go hunting a chance at bigger game. He's going to draft them.**

### OREGON

*Portland—The battleship Oregon, Spanish-American War relic, will be broken up for scrap, although Spanish war veteran organizations protested. A woman taxi driver, Mary Joan George, 24, was abducted at gun-point by an 18-year-old youth and his 17-year-old girl companion, taken for an 80-mile-an-hour ride until police intercepted the cab at Roseburg. Vanport, housing project for Portland's and Vancouver's shipyards, opened officially. When finished Vanport will be the second largest city in Oregon, with 40,000 citizens.*

### PENNSYLVANIA

Cash customers are sore because the low and medium whisky bins in State stores are barren, while non-government stores in neighboring States are full. The State Liquor Control Board denies the shortage was caused by bad purchasing practices. A taxi driver shot a 150-pound deer in the Germantown section of Philadelphia and gave it to St. Mary's Orphanage at Ambler. A soldier bought a watch at a Philadelphia auction store, the watch stopped immediately, and the OPA made the store refund the purchase price. In the Public High League Championship football playoff in Philadelphia, Northeast defeated Germantown, 29-6. At Pittsburgh, a fireman was killed and about 150 persons were slightly injured in a fire in a sub-basement of the William Penn Hotel.

### SOUTH CAROLINA

*Three persons were killed in windstorms which swept through the State, and heavy property loss was reported. Two fatalities occurred in Fairfield County and one in Kershaw County. The Yorkville* Enquirer, *of York, was purchased by John M. Cannon of Rock Hill, who will resume publication immediately. At Greenwood, 16 prominent defendants were acquitted in U.S. District Court of the charge they shot mourning doves over a wheat-baited field. In Darlington County, folks are worried about the prevalence of rabid foxes. Football stars from South Carolina defeated North Carolina collegiate all-stars, 27-6, in the second annual Carolinas bowl game. At Beaufort, Marvin Dukes Sr. died.*

### TEXAS

At Kingsville, the Texas College of Arts and Industries dedicated a $150,000 auditorium, inaugurated a new president, E. N. Jones, and held its homecoming—without the traditional football game. At Houston, a bandit-motorist held up a filling station, demanding "Fill 'er up!" He asked no money. The Southwest Conference voted to permit freshmen to play on all varsity teams, but transportation remains a problem. Claude Pollard, 68, former Texas attorney general, died at Austin. The Texas Rio Grande Valley is happy—a big Winter vegetable crop promises to bring big prices.

### UTAH

**At Salt Lake City, the city commission cancelled an order for parking meters; gas rationing has created plenty of parking space. Motorists who wanted the extra gas allotted to drivers who share their cars flocked to a city-created "share-a-ride" bureau. Two guards were fired after Nolton E. Jacobs escaped from the Utah State Prison. Two radio patrolmen in Salt Lake found a drunk asleep in the rear seat of their auto.**

### VIRGINIA

Richmond—City Magistrate Ernest B. Bass and Sherman Bronson, attorney, died. Fire swept the Miller hotel, but no injuries were reported. Colt Manager Ben Chapman's one-year suspension was upheld by the National Association of Professional Baseball Leagues. Richmond's tobacco auctions at Shockoe Warehouse sold 70,000 pounds on opening day, at an average of $18.15 per hundred. Vepco was ordered by the U. S. Circuit Court of Appeals to dissolve the Independent Organization of Employees. A. E. Johnson, 84, filled his 300,000th prescription at his pharmacy at Main and Cherry. Gov. Darden announced flatly that Virginia will be a speed-trap with mechanical controls on roads to catch speedsters. Contracts for dams across Queen Creek near Magruder and across the Chickahominy near Walker in New Kent County were awarded by the Federal Works Administration. Washington and Lee called off football for the duration. Johnny Fenlon, grid coach at the U. of R., and Pop Werner, line coach at W. & L., became naval lieutenants. George (Gummy) Proctor replaced Cy Young as W. & L. basketball coach. The State Supreme Court ruled the sale of liquor on Sunday is legal. State Senator Henry T. Wickham, 93, of Hanover, broke his hip bone. He wired friends from his hospital bed: "Few die and none resign. I'm all right."

### WASHINGTON

*A two-year-old Seattle lad diagnosed his own ailment and swallowed a box of liver pills. At Harborview Hospital a stomach pump cured him. The Washington State Liquor Board set a midnight deadline for liquor and beer sales to civilians in public and private drinking places. U. of Washington students inaugurated a post-war scholarship fund to aid war veterans.*

### WISCONSIN

**Navy Lt. Carl F. Zeidler, mayor of Milwaukee, is missing in action, his mother was notified by the Navy Department. Orland S. Loomis, governor-elect, died. The State Supreme Court will decide whether Lt.-Gov. Walter Goodland will serve in his place. Ira Inman, Beloit, is new chairman of Wisconsin's Board of Agriculture.**

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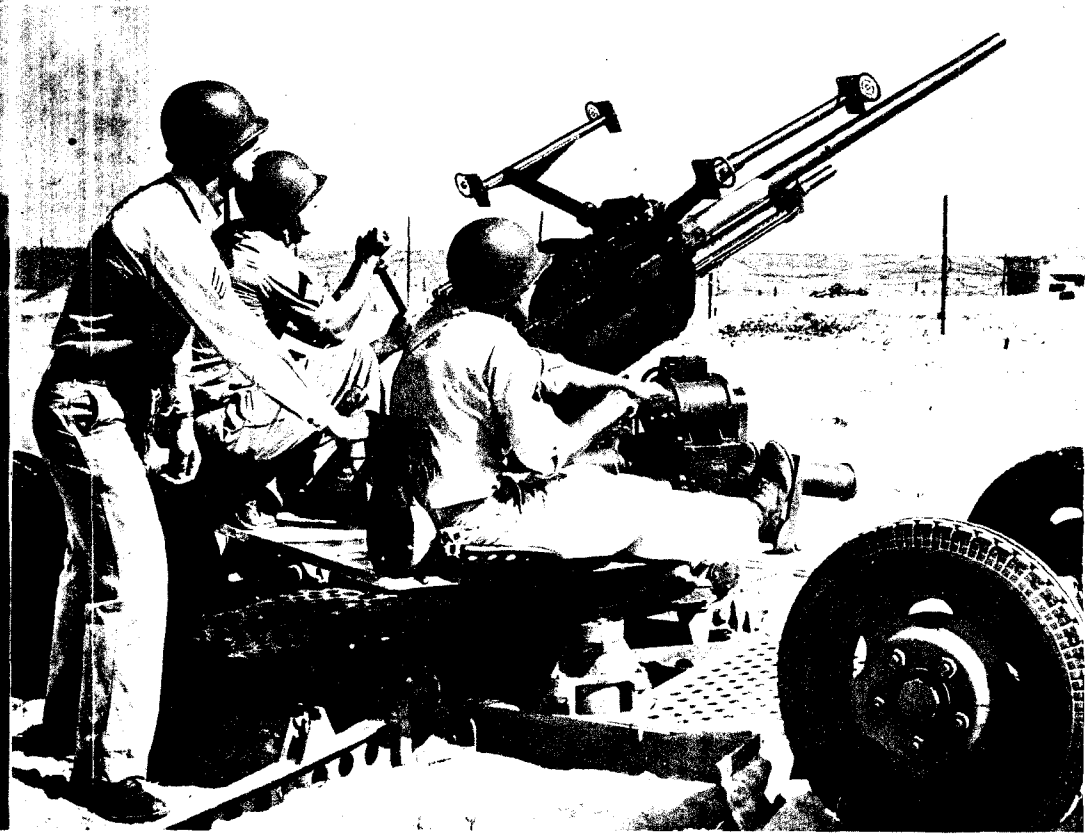
# HAWAII

The crew of Tojo's Jinx is ready to take off its battle veteran on another round of blasting the Japs. They've seen action in almost every corner of the South Pacific.



On one of Hawaii's many beaches, this three-man antiaircraft crew is shown on the a for any kind of trouble that may come from the sky—and that fact is a bit of milit information that anyone in Tokyo can have. Hawaiian photos by Sgt. John Bushe

# NORTH ATLAN

Snow and wind can't wipe the smile off his face. S/Sgt. Charles Snyder, of Queens Village, N. Y., leaves his hut and goes off to do his work in this North Atlantic base.

Somewhere in this wintry land, Pvt. Samuel H. Paddock, of Utica, N. Y., pulls a lor guard, with nothing but the snowy mountains in the background to look at. Incidenta he is standing by an outpost, not an outhouse. North Atlantic photos by Cpl. Ted Cror

This is Australia's first All-American surf life-saving squad. Front man is Cpl. H. Butcl of Bayonne, N. J. Lined up in back of him are Pfc. A. Malfi, Brooklyn, N. Y., Pfc. J. Nit wicz, Newark, N. J., Pfc. E. Lesko, New York City, and Pfc. L. Grubbs, Atlanta,



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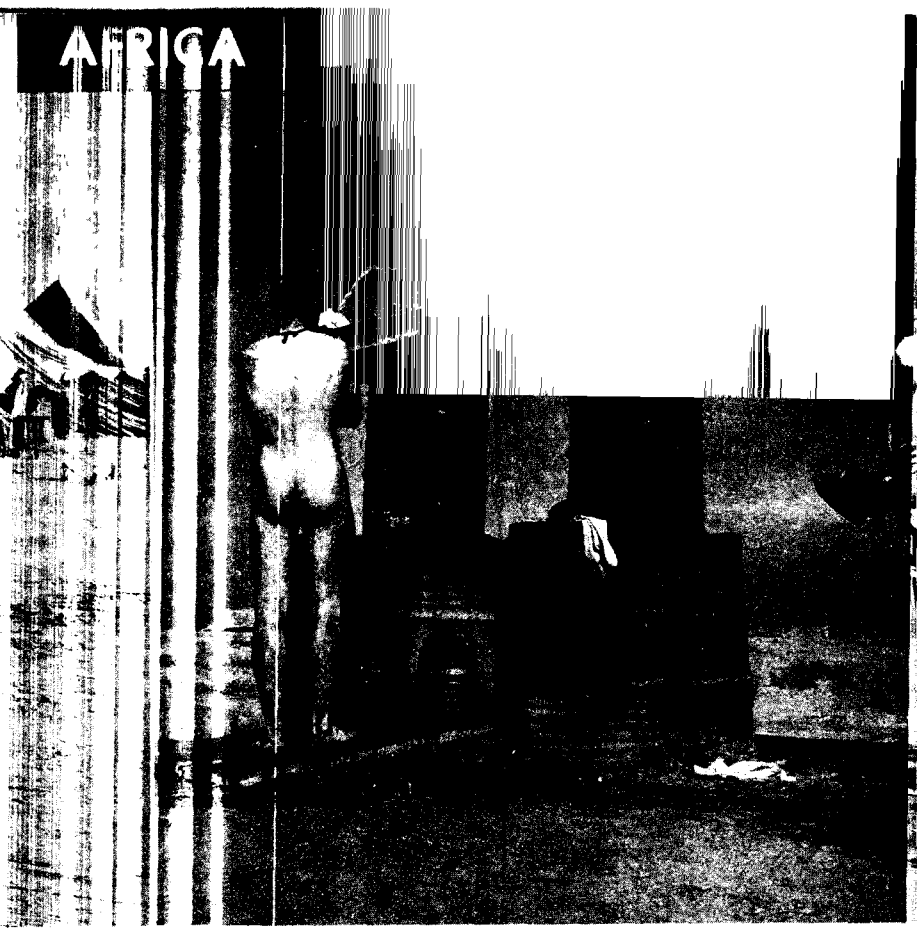
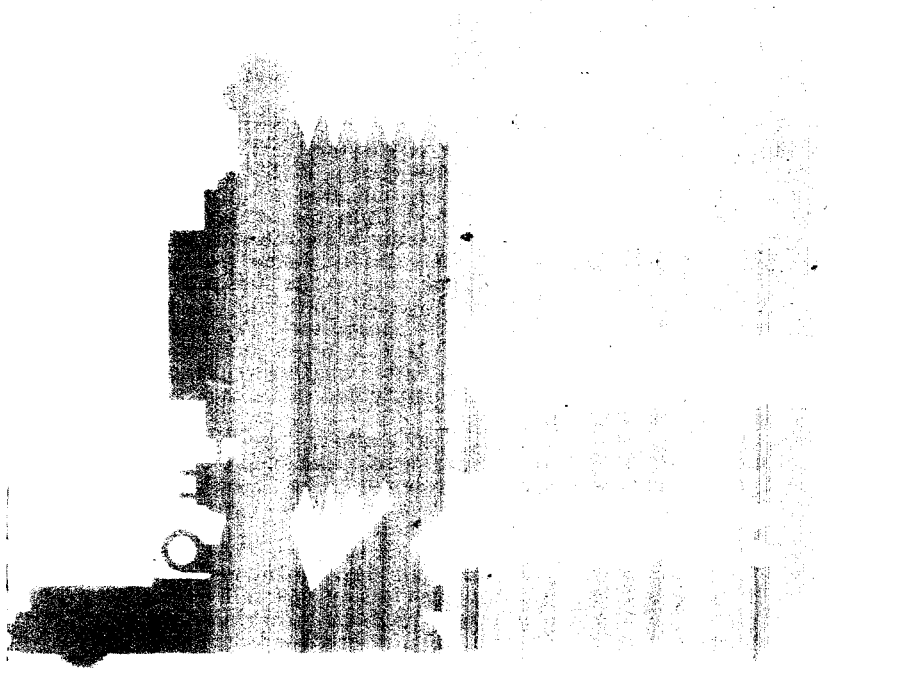
# AFRICA

This is a chow line at a U.S. Army aviation base in the North African desert.



Outdoor shower was made with nine empty gas drums at the base of a U.S. fighter squadron. Not much of a stream, but it'll do.



This is what was left of a Jap fighter plane after it was shot down by a Yank antiaircraft crew, manning .50-caliber guns. They, and U.S. planes, shot down 14 others.

In an Australian department store these shop girls have the answer all ready for inquiring G.I.s. They're not unfriendly, as those smiles prove; just outnumbered. Australian photos by Sgt. Dave Richardson.

Pvt. Wiley O. Carp, of Clifftop, W. Va., used to be a coal miner; now he's a crack machine gunner. He was recommended for the Silver Star for downing a raiding Japanese plane, killing a gunner. India photos by Sgt. Bob Ghio.



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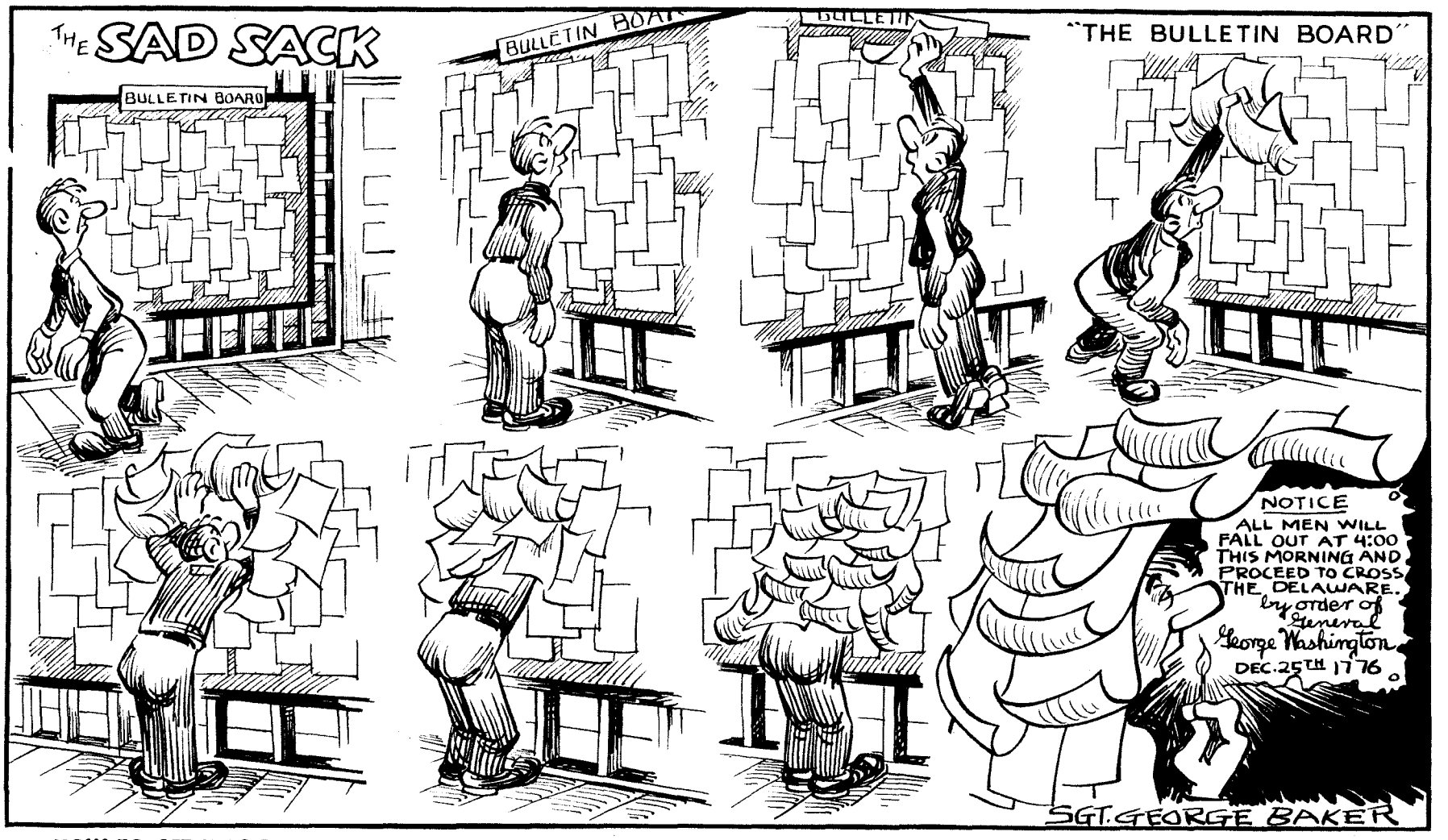



# BETWEEN the LINES

## HOW TO GET INTO BED

Oh, you think it's easy, do you? Sure, I know you've been doing it all your life. But have you spent your life trying to slip into bed, under a mosquito bar, and leave the mosquitoes outside? Well, I have. At least, it seems like all my life. And let me tell you brothers, it's no easy job.

As far as I can see, there are four primary systems for outwitting the wily mosquitoes:

**System A:** This method is for some only—preferably the quick, athletic type, good at handball, squash and parcheesi. It depends solely on speed.

The follower of this system enters the tent, and almost before he is fully in starts disrobing. Laces are whipped through eyelets, with a great whirring of tips. Socks are shucked off, the pants and shirt peeled off like a guy peeling a banana in a hurry. With the left hand the mosquito bar is lifted just high enough to permit the passage of the body. Bend the knees and balance on the balls of the feet. As soon as the mosquito bar is lifted high enough, the knees are straightened, and the occupant hops into bed quicker than Leo Durocher hops out of the dugout to protest a close one at the plate. In one motion, the occupant lands neatly on his back, and the right hand pulls down the mosquito bar. This calls for delicate timing and good coordination. Definitely not for the beginner.

**System B:** This might be termed the lackadaisical method. This is for the man-about-town type of individual.

Surprise is the big element in this approach. The follower of this method roams about the tent, chatting gaily, disregarding entirely the mosquitoes. It is absolutely necessary for the success of this system that no mention, nor even notice, be taken of mosquitoes. Act as if there was no such thing on this broad, green earth.

Exchanging airy bits of chit-chat, the follower of this method intersperses witty remarks with sly bits of disrobing—rather like Gipsy Rose Lee between choruses of her songs. Only here the situation is reversed—it is necessary to get the mind of the mosquito on the conversation, rather than on the stripping.

It is also well to nibble pieces of cake, take a look at the full moon, and whatever other bits of business the individual might think lulling to the mosquito intellect. But don't be hammy—don't overact. You must get across the idea that going to bed is the thought furthest from your mind.

At last you're undressed. Still standing in the middle of the floor, chatting gaily, you are ready. You must be calm. Don't betray by the inflection of the voice that this is the moment.

Continue talking—then, in mid-sentence, wheel, swoop, and presto! you're in bed.

This method is rather hard on dim-witted tentmates with poor eyesight, as naturally they'll assume you've disappeared into thin air. You can reassure them later by talking soothingly in a low voice, and by applying damp cloths to their foreheads.

**System C:** This is the go-to-hell school, and aims at getting the grudging respect of the mosquitoes. The follower of this method parks himself on his cot, and makes no pretense about undressing and going to bed. He even talks about it!

Undressed, this brave individual flings high the mosquito netting with a gesture of disdain, slowly settles his bulk in bed, and firmly, unhurriedly, lowers the netting about him. This method is used mainly by punch-drunk ex-fighters, and former left tackles, used to taking two to give one.

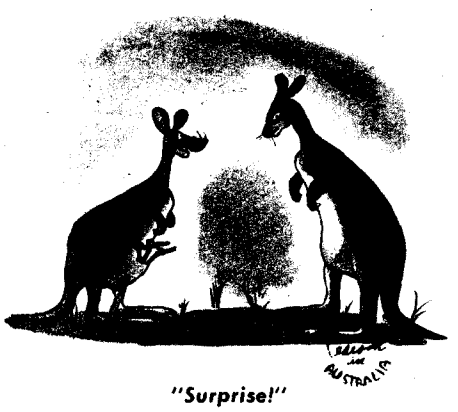
**System D:** This is downright deceitful, and shouldn't be used on any friendly mosquitoes.

The follower of this system talks loudly about sleeping in another tent for the night, and goes into great detail about the location of this tent, so that even the dullest-witted mosquito will be able to find his way there. It is also well to moan loudly about the lack of mosquito netting, and your determination not to take yours down just for one night. Then, saying "Good night" loudly, you exit.

Quickly circle the tent, and, in back, lift the canvas high enough to crawl under, and skin in quickly—and into bed from the wrong side. This plan seems to be the most successful. Once safely inside, you can thumb your nose at the mosquitoes. This is all very shattering to the spirit of the mosquitoes. I've heard mosquitoes break down and weep great tears, after buzzing fruitlessly about the empty bed in another tent all night.

There are other, less widely known, systems, and some harebrained schemes, like trying deliberately to trap *all* the mosquitoes inside your netting, and then sleeping outside on the floor. But why give up your bed to a mosquito when, by perfecting yourself in one of the four methods outlined above, you can retain your bed—and have the mosquitoes, too.

CPL. CHARLES D. FEENEY
HAWAII



*"Surprise!"*

## PVT. MULLIGAN

**by Cpl. Larry Reynolds**

*"It really ain't so bad once ya get in."*



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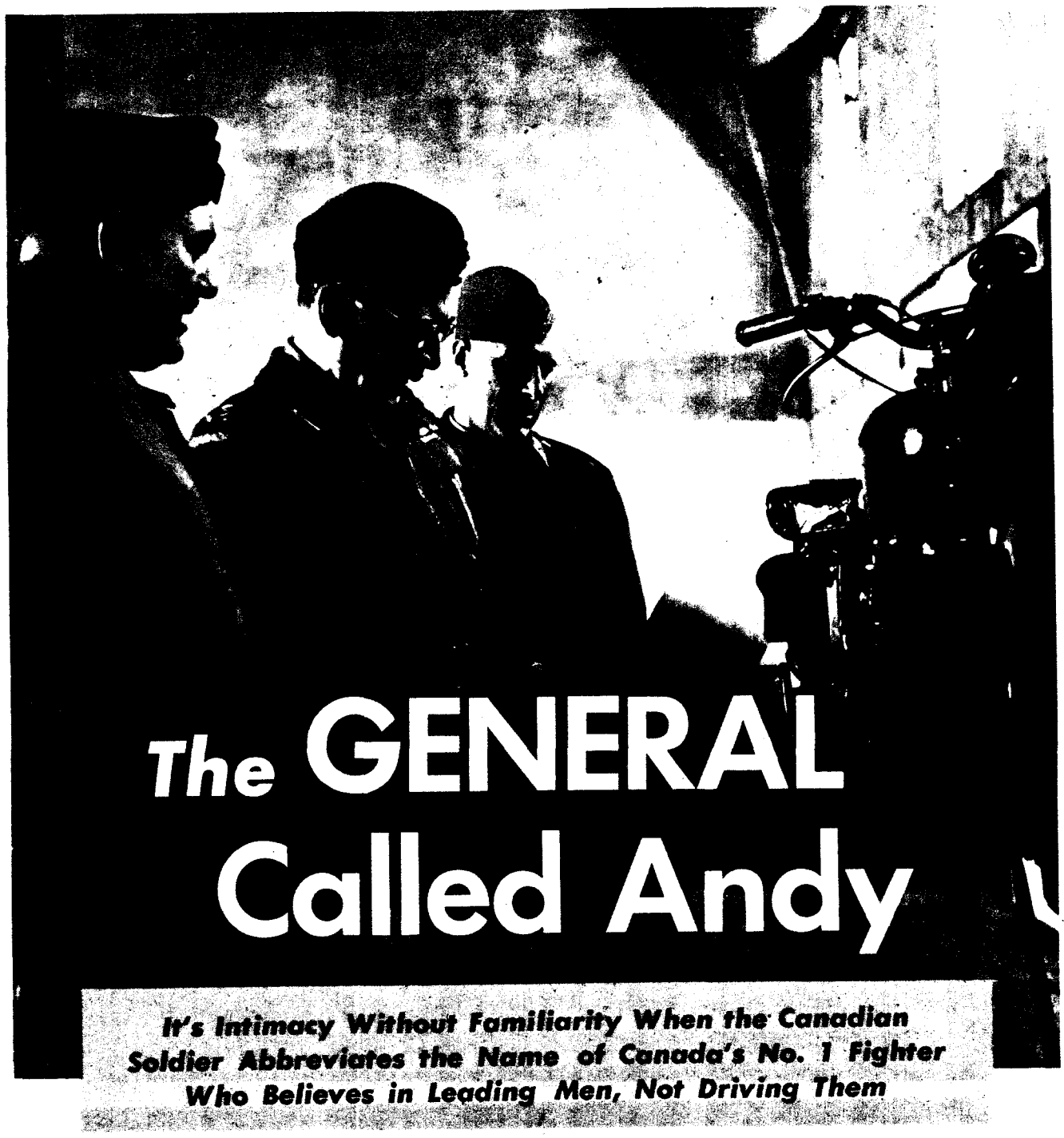

# The GENERAL Called Andy

## It's Intimacy Without Familiarity When the Canadian Soldier Abbreviates the Name of Canada's No. 1 Fighter Who Believes in Leading Men, Not Driving Them

By SGT. ROBERT NEVILLE
YANK Field Correspondent

LONDON—I talked for over an hour that morning with Lt. Gen. Andrew G. L. McNaughton, commander of the Canadian Army, and, as I left his office, I could understand why everybody in Ottawa and Montreal believes that he is the very best military mind his country has produced. I was impressed with the consummate accuracy of his talk, his continuous searching for the precise word. I was ready to agree with the staff officer who had said about him: "The chief reason we Canadians have gotten along so well over here is Gen. McNaughton."

When I closed his door and started to leave the headquarters, the adjutant came over and spoke to me.

"I'm sorry but the general won't be able to eat lunch with you," he said. "You see, just before you came this morning, he received confirmation of the death of one of his three sons in an RAF raid over Germany."

Not once during the hour I talked with him after he heard the news, did Gen. McNaughton betray the slightest sign of his grief.

The Canadian enlisted man usually calls Gen. McNaughton "Andy" or "Mack" or sometimes "Andy Mack" but without the merest idea of familiarity. Gen. McNaughton, incidentally, describes the relation between officer and enlisted man as "intimacy without familiarity."

"One thing we don't want to do with our men is to drive them," he says. "They must be intelligently led. Dieppe was a military operation undertaken and executed for purely military purposes but we also found out many other things there. We found out particularly that our system of leadership was right."

### No Place for Politics

This leadership principle stems directly from the rule against politics in the Canadian Army. Since McNaughton has been running things, no commanding officer has been allowed to pick his own aides or staff men. The general doesn't even select his own assistants. All duty assignments are handed out by impartial boards of selection that choose the candidates according to the past performances on their service records, and the judges on those boards of selection are changed constantly.

Another factor that has developed intelligent leaders in the Canadian Army is Gen. McNaughton's education program for his soldiers. He feels that it is important to make sure that the soldier does not develop a sense of "frustration"—he used the word—and he tries to find the right job for each man's talent. The Canadian Army's rigid classification system, in some ways more elaborate than our own, aims to start the recruit off on the right trail and, from then on, promotions are guaranteed. Whenever the general detects a superior officer showing favoritism, he takes care of the situation.

"Above all, our army is highly educated and literate," he says. "Our boys always liked to work with machines and drive trucks and the troops are highly mechanized. Except for a few pigeons, there isn't one animal in the entire Canadian Army today."

I gathered from what I had read about Gen. McNaughton that he was not a member of the school of thought which believes that an all-out bombing of Germany is enough in itself to win the war. I asked him about this and his quick reply told me that I was correct. It's not that he belittles air power or does not approve of large-scale bombings. It's just that he thinks of the bomber in the terms of long-range artillery.

### 1917 Theory Still Unsound

He recalled a period in the first World War when military theorists, including himself, thought that artillery alone could beat the Germans. They found out that it took more than big guns to do the job. The Canadian leader believes that the modern "bomb-Germany-out-of-the-war" idea is just the same old artillery theory of 1917, back again in its second childhood and still as unsound as ever.

Although he thinks that Germany won't fall until it is invaded by a ground force, Gen. McNaughton says that ammunition rather than men should be spent in such an offensive. He boils down his recipe for an Allied victory in Europe to "the greatest fire power possible and the least number of men possible." When it comes to fire power, the Canadian general knows what he is talking about. He is generally regarded as one of the foremost authorities in the world on explosives. His writings on counterbattery work—the process of knocking out enemy guns with your own mobile artillery—are classics in military literature.

His men say that Gen. McNaughton is a demon on ordnance who demands absolute perfection right down to the last detail in the making and care of guns. "He can smell a dirty rifle a mile away," one of the Canadian sergeants told me. No new type of gun is ever accepted by the Canadian Army unless the general inspects it personally and tries it out himself first.

That goes for other kinds of equipment, too. They tell me that before Gen. McNaughton allowed the American jeep to join his army, he climbed into one of them himself and drove it across rough fields, up and down hills, through mud and over obstacles. When the trip was finished, he pronounced the jeep good and now prefers it to his own command car.

The intelligent leadership Gen. McNaughton insists upon in the Canadian Army starts at the top.

*Gen. McNaughton is known as a man who demands absolute perfection in equipment of all kinds. At left, he is shown in a carrier. At the right, he inspects a two-pounder during visit to an artillery unit.*



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## COMPANY STREET

Pfc. Robert A. diNivelle of **Fort MacArthur**, Calif., holds the all-time record for fast promotions when he shot up from a mere private to a full-fledged colonel. Modestly, however, the pfc. colonel continues to take orders from corporals and sergeants. His new title is Colonel Aide-de-Camp on the Staff of the Governor of New Mexico.

Pvt. Alfred E. Johns, radio student at the Air Forces Technical School, **Sioux Falls**, S. D., won't have any trouble changing dollars into marks, lira or yen—unless he's red-lined, of course. The guy speaks 19 languages, including French, Italian, German, Spanish, Persian. He even mumbles in Esperanto.

This may sound nutsky, but in the 106th Cavalry Regiment at **Camp Livingston**, La., are: S/Sgt. Elmer H. Nitzkie of Troop A and S/Sgt. Elmer H. Natzkie of Troop C. But here's the payoff: Both are in charge of their outfit's supply rooms and both were promoted to staff sergeant on the same special order.

At **Camp Roberts**, Calif., Pvt. Norman Bailey, of Duluth, Minn., phoned headquarters to report arrival of a shipment of WAACs. Word spread quickly. Officers flocked to their barracks, straightened ties, collars, caps. Then they learned it was floor wax—not WAACs—that had arrived.

Cpl. James Jennings, a company clerk at **Camp Wolters**, Tex., spent all day typing out his company payroll. Everyone agreed he had done an excellent job. Then it was found that he had made just one error. He had omitted his own name.

Pvt. Aubrey McPhee's girl was very proud of him when he wrote from **Camp Shelby**, Miss., that he had been "driving the general's car all last week." It probably will be quite a while before the young lady learns that "driving the general's car" in Army vernacular means pushing a wheelbarrow down the company street!

A private at the Harbor Defenses of **San Francisco**, was striding along with his raincoat unbuttoned. His sergeant saw him and shouted: "Button up that coat or you'll catch cold." The private, married for 14 years, absent-mindedly replied, "Yes, dear."

T/Sgt. Harold Huber, of Medford, Wis., is glad he's in the Air Corps and not the Infantry. On Thursday, he was on duty at **Victorville** (Calif.) Flying School. Friday he was transferred to **San Bernardino** (Calif.) Air Depot. Saturday he was ordered to leave for **Pendleton**, Ore., but before his train left a telegram arrived ordering him to Officer Candidate School at **Miami Beach**, Fla.

The Quartermaster iceman at **Fort Sam Houston**, Tex., thrust a slip at the mess sergeant and said: "Just put your John Henry on this." The noncom did so, only to have the iceman look at it, scowl and bark: "What's the big idea?" The sergeant smiled: "I wouldn't kid you, pal. The name's S/Sgt. John D. Henry."

A soldier walked into the band barracks at **Fort McPherson**, Ga., and proclaimed in a loud voice, "I'll give a dollar to the laziest man in here." Came a reply from a distant bunk, "Roll me over, buddy, and stick it in my back pocket."

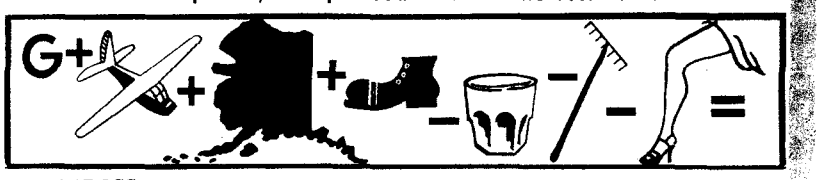
Pvt. Lawrence R. Shiner, radio student at **Scott Field**, Ill., wrote his mother requesting that she send him several old radios lying about the house to experiment with. A few days later, he answered a call to the railroad station to get his package. Greeting him were four huge crates filled with sets, donated by the people of Allentown, Pa., at a public request made by the town's mayor.

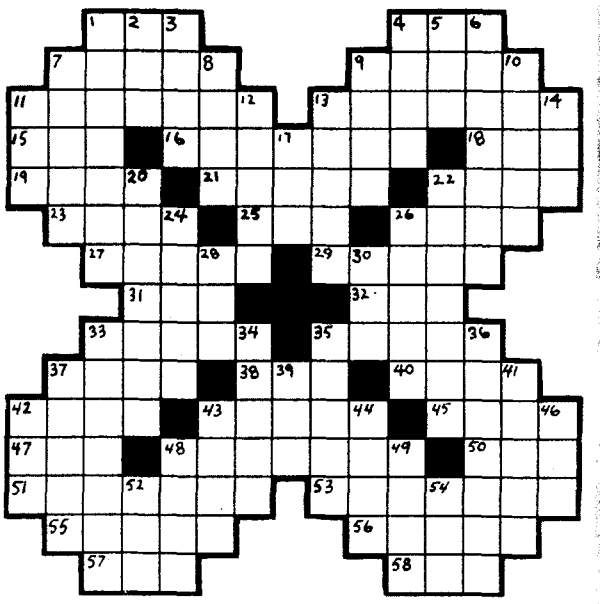
## Betty Grable

***The legs on the opposite page danced their owner to stardom, and what goes with them made her unforgettable. Her latest 20th Century-Fox film is "Coney Island."***

## DOUBLE PUZZLE

**First solve the Picture Puzzle below. Do this by adding and subtracting the letters that spell the depicted objects, as shown. The answer will be the name of one of the United States. Fill this in 26 DOWN of the crossword puzzle, and proceed to solve the rest of it.**



**ACROSS**
1. Headgear
4. Taxi!
7. Wooden shoe
9. Tricks
11. Exciting compassion
13. Made solemn
15. Material containing metal which will be mined
16. English molasses
18. Verb of being
19. Skillful
21. Mother-of-pearl
22. Daze
23. Swell of sea breaking upon shore
25. Confederate full general
26. A detail
27. King of beasts (plural)
29. Steps through water
31. Equalizer
32. Jurisprudence
33. Leered
35. Hungarian composer
37. Belonging to the first woman
38. Self
40. Of the mouth
42. Always
43. Tippy boat
45. Radio tuning control
47. Through
48. Military gestures of deference or honor
50. Singular of dice
51. Raids
53. Those who lay slate
55. North African hot spot
56. Weapon
57. Man's nickname
58. Distress signal

**DOWN**
1. Odious
2. Lincoln's first name (short form)
3. Sound of horn
4. Solid of six equal square sides
5. Imitate
6. Scolds
7. Begets
8. Twist
9. English unemployment grant
10. Intoxicating beverages (military slang)
11. Container of peas
12. Stamps
13. Threaded device
14. Lair
17. Top of the deck
20. Part of gun
22. Attendant on passenger ship
24. Illegal blows in boxing
26. (Solve the picture puzzle)
28. Point of compass
30. Beverage
33. Go beyond
34. Distribute cards
35. Pillages
36. Commandos
37. Occurrence
39. African antelope
41. Landed proprietor (Scot.)
42. On the outside (prefix)
43. Bounders
44. Long fish
46. The (French)
48. Uttered
49. Toothed cutting tools
52. Single
54. Also

*(Solution on page 23)*

*"Er—doesn't somebody go there?"*

## Words Across The Sea

**Pfc. Charles Caldwell** is stationed in England with the Signal Corps where he serves as a dark-room technician, but that title is just trade jargon and has no reference to his personal accomplishments. Caldwell, who is single and originally came from Memphis, Tenn., stepped into this comfortable class B uniform 14 months ago. Caldwell's message to the U. S. consists of "Hey" to Cpls. Charlie Anderson and Dory Bourne.

**Pvt. Izz Glassman**, 48th General Hospital, Camp Rucker, Ala., says hello to Cpl. Harold R. Cohen, who is stationed somewhere in Australia and works in the Judge Advocate's Court.

**M/Sgt. Ray A. Watts**, five years in the Army, hails from Hartsville, S. C. He embarked for England shortly after the beginning of the duration and is now the chief clerk in his overseas outfit. He asks his brother, M/Sgt. Harry T. Watts, to say hello to his wife, Ginny, and adds: "Tell her not to worry. We have 'em on the run over here."

**Pvt. Henry K. Moritz**, now in England, makes this strictly an interview going like this: "Are you a private?" "I certainly am!"

"What city are you from?" "No city. I'm from Broadway. And say, chum, I want to tell Yeoman Eddie Craven not to tie the knot too fast. We've got a lot of catching up to do at 'Ralph's' and the 'Fog Cutters,' after we've cinched this small war deal."

**Cpl. Frank T. Galus** is with the Post Finance Office, APO 942, c/o Postmaster, Seattle, thinks that was his brother Joe in the Aug. 26 issue, wearing fatigues and feeding a baby kangaroo. Was it? All members of the "Barrewilkes" are now in the service and Galus wishes they'd get in touch with him.

**M/Sgt. Carlton Freeman**, of Hendersonville, N. C., claims to be a wizard when it comes to coping with British currency. He is the chief of a pay section in England and he can break up a five into pounds, shillings and pence after only a few months' practice. Asked about the difference in monies, he replied in a southern drawl, "Slightly confusin' at first." He sends a message to 1st Lt. C. J. Martin, Fort Bragg, N. C., to tell his wife the English girls haven't gone to his head.



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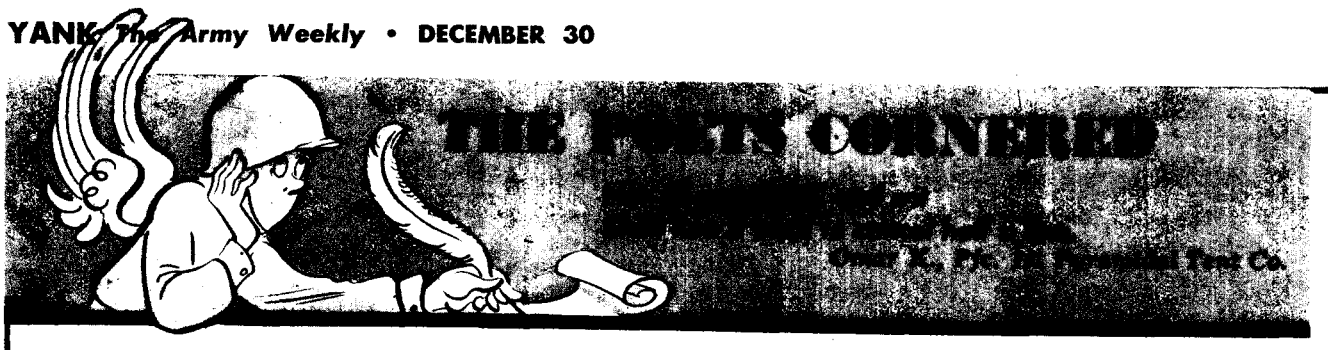


### T-O-J-O

**T** is for tearing your hair out I'll bet.
**O** stands for odor, yours lingers yet.
**J** is for justice, we'll deal out that.
**O** means it's over, you're finished, you rat.

HAWAII — SGT. ALFRED NUNN

### MICE OF MORESBY

Rats of old USA, or merely Moresby Mice,
We've had our full of fighting, and of hardship once or twice.
We have hugged for cover, with the bombers overhead;
We have seen the bombs exploding, heard the swish of falling lead;
We have dived into the trenches, with our last remaining breath,
Just a fraction of a second ahead of fire, din and death;
We have toiled and we have sweated, in humid tropic heat.
And we've longed for many comforts and fresh food we could eat;
But we'll gnaw our way to freedom, and we'll nibble at the scum
Till we drive them back to Nippon or hell where they belong.
And when they've learned their lesson, then maybe these Foreign Lice
Will remember Pearl Harbor and New Guinea's Fighting Mice.

PVT. MATTHEW SPILLER
AUSTRALIA

### REST

When day is done and the bugler blows
Taps for the night, a soldier knows
That at last has come the end of of day:
His time to rest, to think and pray;
To think of his loved ones ever so far,
And to pray that he sees them after the war.

He builds his castles while at night he does rest,
Determines to give his country his best,
And once in a while, as strange as it seems,
These thoughts are carried along in his dreams.
He thinks of valiant deeds he will do,
Then at night, in his dreams, they come true!

But then at last, night turns to day!
His thoughts and dreams both fade away,
His arrogant castles about him fall,
The valiant deeds aren't there at all;
But a soldier knows that one by one,
He'll rest and dream, when day is done.

PVT. WILLIAM C. FOLBE
ALASKA

### TUNE FROM TUNIS

Dirty Gertie from Bizerte
Hid a mousetrap 'neath her skirtie,
Strapped it on her kneecap purty,
Baited it with *Fleur de Flirte,*
Made her boy friends' fingers hurty,
Made her boy friends very shirty.
She was voted in Bizerte
"Miss Latrine" for 1930.

PVT. WILLIAM L. RUSSELL
CAMP LEE, VA.

### THE SOLDIERS' LAMENT

We wait in line to go to mess,
We wait in line to shave,
We wait in line for cigarettes,
No matter how we rave!

We wait in line to comb our hair,
We wait in line for beer,
We wait in line to pay our fare,
To get away from here.
We wait in line to get some gum
Or something else to buy,
We wait in line at USO,
We wait in line at Y.

We wait in line to get a pass,
We wait in line for pay,
We even wait in line at night,
When time to hit the hay.

Oh, if I die in battle an'
God claims this soul of mine,
I wonder if to get above
I'll have to wait in line.

CPL. JOHN READEY
CAMP STONEHAM, CALIF.

### OH, CRUEL SUSPENSE

Your three months are up
And then you guess
You'd like to try
For OCS.

Your fingers are crossed
Until when
You're notified you've got an IQ
Of a hundred and ten.

The time comes when
You praise the Lord
That at 1500 o'clock
You go before the board.

They ask you this, they ask you that,
They ask you, "What is a G.I. hat?"
They look to see that you're trim and neat,
And suddenly ask you, "What did you eat?"

They ask you how far is water from shore,
And where in the *Atlantic* is Singapore.
They ask the nomenclature of all types of rifles,
And other such tremendous trifles.

They ask about your private life:
"Where did you work,
And what did you do?"
Then stare the polish off your shoe.

You walk around weeks looking harassed,
Then suddenly get notice that you have passed.
But for the present school you're a little late
So you just have got to wait and wait.

PFC. DAVID A. HART
N. Y. PORT OF EMBARKATION

Dear YANK:
This 22-foot boa constrictor was killed on the field down here last June. A sergeant shot it when he saw it in a ravine in the field.

PVT. ROBERT F. WHITTEN
TRINIDAD

Dear YANK:
To settle a rather heated argument here, can you enlighten us on the following:
Assuming the war ends today and a Regular Army man has a year left to finish his enlistment period, does he have to do that year plus six months? Also, assuming a Regular Army man has finished his enlistment, does he have to serve the six months after the war?

PFC. BARDZYYKOWSKI
NEWFOUNDLAND

***If the war ended today and a Regular Army man had one year of his enlistment left to serve, he would NOT have to do that year plus six months, just the year alone. If his enlistment was up, he'd just have to serve the six months.***

Dear YANK:
I have a wife and eight children and I was drafted anyhow. If you don't believe me ask my first sergeant, for I just gave him the birth certificates to make out my allotment. Don't ask me how I got in. I can't figure it out myself.

PVT. ROY T. DELOZIER
COLUMBIA (S. C.) AIR BASE

Dear YANK:
Soldiers in Labrador [YANK, Oct. 28] are not the only ones who have money in their pockets the day before payday or the only soldiers to be out of reach of girls. The last white woman we have seen was about 55 years old and that was five months ago.
We are still living in tents, though the temperature is now below zero. We use 50-gallon gas drums for stoves. Our company PX gets candy on an average of once every two weeks and that lasts only two or three days. Worst of all some weeks go by without even a mail call. Our nearest town is 200 miles away. In the eight months we have been up here the last seven have been without entertainment of any kind except what we make for ourselves.

PVT. DARWIN STOCKWELL
ALCAN HIGHWAY, YUKON, ALASKA

Dear YANK:
How many in this man's army know how to get along in the bush, or jungle, if they get lost? I got away from the outfit once, and I was pretty glad for an idea an Aussie had given me. I ate grubs, yes grubs, which I found near the bottom of a tree. You chip away a little wood above what looks like sawdust and there are your grubs in their holes. And they are nice and tasty if you can toast them on a hot stone. There's a lot else you can eat in a pinch.

CPL. BILL HAVRO
AUSTRALIA

Dear YANK:
The enclosed snapshot was taken in Australia and features your magazine in marked detail. My sincere appreciation if you use this picture.

CPL. ALVIN P. HOSHAW
AUSTRALIA

DEAR YANK:
In "Mail Call" of your Marine issue [YANK, Nov. 4] were two very interesting letters. One was from a Marine sergeant who found the poem about the Marines in the July 15 issue OK. The other was from a two-stripped "Bellhop" who still belongs to the "Glamor" Corps as you can see. Imagine him trying to slam the soldier because he has a USO to attend.

I wonder if he knows how many of his buddies went down swinging with the soldiers on Bataan and Corregidor and if he knows that the soldier is with the Marines on Guadalcanal. I bet that "glamorized" Marine has his stripes tattooed on. It is the real Marines that go out for that sweat and blood while he lies around in California enjoying good weather.

1ST SGT. HOWARD HILL
NORTH ATLANTIC COMMAND

Dear YANK:
In spite of the Army's spectacular defense of the Philippines, the "Marine Dandies" are glorified for their heroic fighting in this war. Their losses are small in comparison to the total number killed in other branches of the service. Do they deserve so much publicity?

SGT. PRICE LIERLY
OVERSEAS

***The Marines are the first to fight—and the first of everything gets the most publicity.***

Dear YANK:
I want to know if I am qualified to wear the new Army Air Force technician's badge. Also, what are the 24 specialties for which the new insignia have been authorized?

CPL. WINSTON W. BOOTHBY
TWENTY-NINE PALMS, CALIF.

***Only enlisted men are awarded the new technician's badge. To qualify you must have served at least six months with the Army Air Force and either have been graduated from a course in technical training or demonstrated your capability as a trained technician in one or more of the 24 specialties. They are: Airplane armorer; airplane electrical, hydraulic and instrument specialists; airplane mechanic, machinist, metal worker, and welder; airplane power plant specialist; airplane propeller specialist; A.C.S. radio specialist, bombsight mechanic, Link Trainer instructor, parachute rigger, photographer, photographic laboratory technician, power turret and gunsight specialist, radio V-1 mechanic, radio observer, radio mechanic, radio operator teletypewriter mechanic, weather forecaster, and weather observer.***



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YANK THE ARMY WEEKLY

VOL. I, NO. 29
DEC. 30, 1942
By the men . . for the men in the service

## THE YEAR AHEAD

A NEW YEAR is coming up, bringing the Monday morning quarterbacks out of the woodwork.

These are the boys who said 12 months ago that we were soft, cynical and good for nothing but carrying daisy chains. Today, with a couple of victories under their belt, they're blowing out of the other side of the mouth.

"Look what our lads did at Guadalcanal," they now say. "7,000 Japs killed, 450 planes downed, a ratio of 10 to one in favor of our side. The Japs practically out of New Guinea, and I'm not even sweating."

"And Africa," says their better half. "Look how we swept through that garden. Why, if Ike gave the word we'd be in Berlin by next Thursday."

The words are sweet, even if they don't make any sense. They can lull you into thinking the war is a pushover, which it isn't. There is still an awful long way to go. If you thought this year was rough, wait for 1943. On the platter, just waiting to be dished out, are one dozen months of hell, blood and bullets. And to a .30-caliber slug, press releases don't mean a thing.

So, as we said before, don't get too enthusiastic about victory being just around the corner, the way prosperity used to be.

1943 is going to be a tough year, and a long one.

## STRICTLY G.I.

### Button Dimout

GOODBYE to brass buttons!

The War Department says all brass buttons on overcoats and blouses will be replaced with plastic buttons with the same insignia, in the U. S. at least.

Just how the change will be accomplished hasn't been announced as yet.

The War Department announcement made it clear that the replacement will be made at the same time throughout the country. We don't know about you overseas men, but will let you know as soon as we find out.

### Canadians Get More Pay

Santa J. L. Ralston, Defense Minister of Canada, came down the chimney this week announcing that the pay of the Canadian soldier with six months' service would be increased to $1.50 a day and that allowances for his dependents would be increased until they were "the highest in the world." The gift is expected to set the Canadian government back anywhere from 30 to 35 million clams a year. The dependents' allowance is more than double that in force in Great Britain and in the case of the wife tops that of the United States by $9.40, making it almost as worthwhile for the Canadian girl as the Northwest Mounted Policeman to get her man.

### Silver Lining

If it's up to the American Legion, you won't have to worry about a job six months after the cessation of the duration. This week Roane Waring, the commander, in a Christmas greeting to members of the armed forces, pledged that the needs of the fighting men would always come first with the legionnaires. "That means arms to fight with now and jobs to live by later," said Waring.

### The Dope on the 38s

For sake of the record, here's a summary of the new WD ruling allowing discharge of enlisted men 38 and over. Discharges will hinge on the man's voluntary written request to his CO, proof that he is handicapped by his age to the extent that his usefulness to the Army is secondary to that of industry, and evidence that he will be employed in an essential war industry if discharged.

No enlisted man will be discharged unless a suitable trained replacement is available.

Action on the WD ruling that enlistments would be stopped, has been postponed until Feb. 1 to prevent sudden dislocation of manpower available for service.

The latter regulation will prohibit enlistment of men between 18 and 38 and will apply to all reserve components, including Air Corps Reserve and aviation cadets but will not apply to WAACs. Until further notice men over 38 will not be drafted.

### VOCs Carry On

Ban on 18-to-38 enlistments will not mean the end of VOC. Volunteer officer candidates in the future will be men under 38 deferred for dependency. These men may become VOCs for the Infantry, Cavalry, Field Artillery, Coast Artillery, Antiaircraft Artillery, Armored Force, Tank Destroyer, Military Police, Corps of Engineers, Signal Corps, Ordnance Department and Chemical Warfare Service branches.

Under present quotas 3,000 men are inducted as VOCs in the U. S. each month; 30 in the Hawaiian Department, and 20 in the Puerto Rican Department. In addition, 500 volunteer officer candidates within the U. S. may join each month for Antiaircraft Artillery, and 400 for the Corps of Engineers.

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Pictures: Cover, Sgt. John Bushemi. 2, PA. 3, Acme. 5, left, USN, right, Acme. 6, U.S. Army Air Corps. 8, 9, S/Sgt. Joe Elicson, Duncan Field, Tex. 10, Acme. 12, Sgt. John Bushemi, Cpl. Ted Cronyn, Sgt. Dave Richardson. 13, Sgt. George Aarons, Sgt. Dave Richardson, Sgt. Bob Ghio. 15, Sgt. Bud Nye. 16, 20th Century-Fox. 17, U.S. Sig. Corps. 20, Sgt. John Bushemi. 21, Fort Sill PRO. 22, left, Columbia Pictures; top right, Acme; bottom right, WW. 23, left, PA; right, INP.

Full 24-hour INS and UP leased wire service.

## DESERT RATS

## Items That Require No Editorial Comment

### Higher Learning

Some months ago the Army assigned a group of eminent psychiatrists to determine the manner in which to select soldiers for duty in various sectors of the fighting fronts. The psychiatrists met with a Harvard group and a series of experiments were made. After many tests, the learned professors made their report . . . The best way of determining whether a soldier is more effective in the desert or in Iceland, they reported, was to ask each soldier: "What kind of weather do you like—warm or cold?"

### Height of Patriotism

College youths, Roger Ryan and Barry Rogers, of the University of Washington, capitalizing on the patriotic fervor of the co-eds and man-shortage prospect, set up a booth in which they sold kisses to the gals for a dime.

All profits (they were not reported) were to go to the co-ed-sponsored fund to buy a jeep for the Army.

### Tokyo Primers

To enable American soldiers to make the most of their time in Japan, after they get to Tokyo, the University of California is publishing a Japanese-English and an English-Japanese dictionary and five easy readers. The readers are duplicates of those used in the U.S. Embassy school in Tokyo. The dictionaries include words that will be of special use to our soldiers and sailors—once they arrive there.

### Rebuttal

In a German industrial center, walls are covered nightly with anti-Hitler, pro-Ally inscriptions. Furious Nazis, tired of wiping off the chalkings, wrote one day on the same walls: "Why don't you do this in broad daylight, you cowardly curs!" That night there was an answer: "Sorry, but in the daylight we are too busy parading with you fellows!"

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HESE MULES CARRY 200- TO 250-POUND LOADS PLUS 96-POUND PACK SADDLES.

PACK TRAIN RECRUITS EN ROUTE TO MOUNTAIN DETACHMENT IN HILLS OF OAHU.

# Hawaii's G.I. Hillbillies

By SGT. MERLE MILLER
YANK's Hawaiian Bureau

**This may be the age of mechanized warfare but the tough mule-skinners in the Army's Hawaiian Pack Train have found that Old Long Ears with the dynamite in his hind feet is worth 10 jeeps or half-tracks when you have to get a load of food and ammunition through the wilderness to a mountain outpost.**

SOMEWHERE IN HAWAII—Members of the Hawaiian Pack Train used to shout at straggling lines of foot soldiers: "Yah! Yah! Got blisters on yer feet! Yah! Yah!"

Once, according to the packsters, a foolish foot soldier shouted back: "Rather have blisters on my feet than where you've got 'em."

At that point five of some 200 members of the pack train jumped from their saddles and sent the entire regiment of this talkative infantryman to the dispensary. Since then, according to their story, it is not necessary to point out the superiority of the Hawaiian Pack Train.

Mule Pack Master Charles M. Hayes, a grizzled staff sergeant from Chattanooga, Tenn., who says he "graduated from the cavalry," tells how the pack train began.

It was 10 years ago, he recalls, about the time the Japs were busy creating a minor incident in Manchukuo. Sensing a gleam in Japanese eyes directed toward the Hawaiian Islands, far-seeing members of the Hawaiian Department General Staff began to wonder how to fortify the insurmountable mountains of Oahu—location of Pearl Harbor and several of the U. S. Army's greatest posts. Automobiles could never climb them, their peaks were too small for planes, and foot soldiers would tire a fourth the way up. Only hardened, tough men on mule and horse could do the job.

But where could such men be found?

The General Staff sent scouts to the docks to meet every incoming troop transport, looking for men 1) who knew and loved animals, especially horses and mules; 2) who were so tough they could lick triple their weight in Japs, mosquitoes and wild hogs; and 3) who could be away from towns, women and civilization months at a time and not complain any more than the average G.I.

Recruiting was slow but gradually the Hawaiian Pack Train was built up. By Dec. 7, 1941, its members were ready to load machine guns, mortars, 75-mm pack howitzers, tommy guns, food, forage and ammunition onto their animals and start up the mountains to points no white man had ever before reached.

Today there are many detachments of the pack train scattered on Oahu mountain peaks.

Ninety per cent of the men were mule-skinners in civilian life; city-bred members of the unit can be counted on the fingers of one hand. Fifty per cent have had five or more years in the U. S. Army, and another 25 per cent have been in the service from two to three years.

To enter the pack train a man must have had three months of regular training. Then for two months he is trained with mules and horses.

With one look at an animal, he must be able to tell if it will be able to survive the rigors of the climate, if it can carry a load of from 200 to 250 pounds plus its pack of 96 pounds, if it can travel the narrow passes without slipping, and, finally, if it can work long and hard hours without stopping.

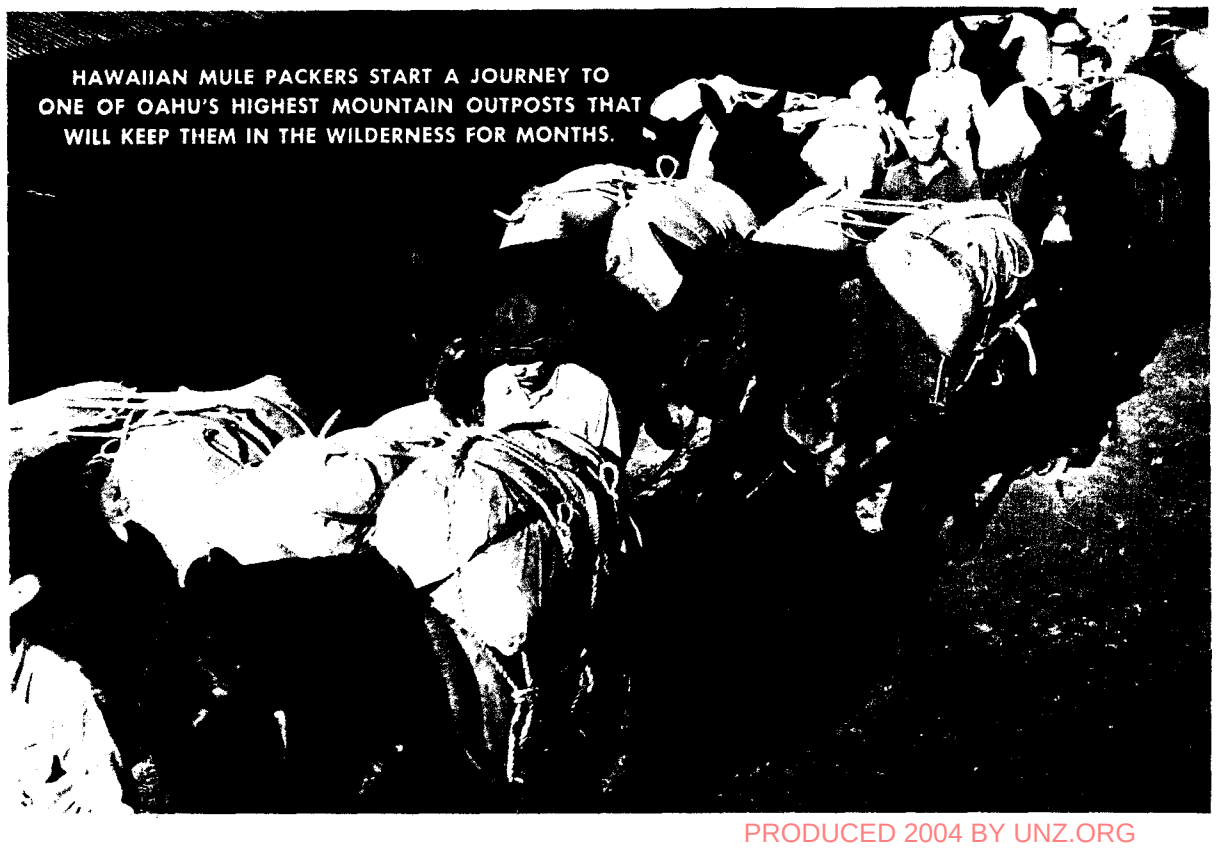
Mules and horses which cannot meet these tests—and the percentage is high—are "ICed": inspected and condemned.

Few horses prove eligible. Most of the men prefer mules; they "savvy better," Sgt. Hayes declares. Also they are less likely to take chances on a shaky trail, even though 50 or more are lost every year.

Pack trainers themselves slip once in a while, but Sgt. Hayes insists that any one of them is so durable that he gets up, dusts himself off, and climbs right back up.

Once they know their animals, members of the pack train learn to pack, knot and load. Then they go into the lower mountain posts and start leading the mules and horses through the passes, first without a load and then with increasing weight until the animal can handle the maximum.

The men also learn to shoot every kind of gun available, and to identify enemy planes and ships.



HAWAIIAN MULE PACKERS START A JOURNEY TO ONE OF OAHU'S HIGHEST MOUNTAIN OUTPOSTS THAT WILL KEEP THEM IN THE WILDERNESS FOR MONTHS.

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Finally, both men and animals are ready for the real trek into the hills.

Before the journey, the dogfaces usually get a three-day pass because they will be gone from three to six months, perhaps longer. At some posts are men who have not been down the mountains for as long as two years.

Pay day doesn't mean much, because there are no post exchanges, no movies, and no women. Once a handful of husky hula dancers were mounted on mules and transported to a mountain top for a performance. The girls never volunteered again.

Life on a mountain top isn't too dull. There are constant games of poker, gin rummy and blackjack; there are peacocks you can take a shot at if no one is looking, and there are wild pigs to be hunted, or caught and tamed. No one knows how the pigs got there, but they make fine pets if you catch them young enough.

Rations, incidentally, are half again as large as for the ordinary soldier. The mountain air makes for tremendous appetites.

There is work to be done day and night, holidays included. "Jugheads" or "dogs," as the mules are called, make three trips a day up most of the mountain passes, bringing food in air tight containers, bottles of coke, magazines, additional ammunition, and supplies.

Guns are manned every hour of the day, and each animal must be curried and fed by its rider. Sometimes there is rescue work to be done. If a plane crashes on a mountain top, only men on mules can get to it.

If a new outpost is to be built, men of the pack train must clear the space, and sometimes must snake the material up the paths for the prefabricated huts in which they will live.

Some men have taken a six-month course to become veterinarians; others are in charge of training the animals, and a few give demonstrations to other Army units. Mules have become so indispensable to jungle warfare that the pack trainers believe every soldier in the Army ought to know how to handle them.

Right now experiments are being conducted to determine whether mules can swim with a full pack on their backs. If they can, they will be useful in landing operations further out in the Pacific.

No member of the Hawaiian Pack Train questions the outcome of these experiments.

"Them dogs," said Pvt. John Budzik, a jockey from Shady Side, Ohio, "can do anything they set their minds to—and we pack trainers know how to get 'em to set their minds."

What Pvt. Budzik neglected to mention is that not even he and his fellow mule-skinners can make a mule move if it sets its mind on munching grass on a perilous mountain ledge.

A "dog" answering to the name of Daisy spent 15 interminable minutes reaching for an inviting bit of grass on the edge of a cliff that stretched 1,000 feet straight down while this reporter said a few silent words of prayer.

It is to be hoped that the young woman in Okolona, Miss., after whom Daisy is proudly named, is more amenable to persuasion.

FORT SILL'S PACK ARTILLERY MULES MOVE A GUN INTO POSITION HIGH IN THE WICHITA MOUNTAINS.

# PACK ARTILLERYMEN TRAIN AT FORT SILL

**UNLIKE the Hawaiian Pack Trainers on the opposite page, these mule skinners at Fort Sill specialize in artillery combat work rather than moving supplies and ammunition to mountain outposts. The Army had only five battalions of pack artillery in 1941 but a study of the Nazi invasion of Greece showed military experts that modern mechanized forces were no match for the sure-footed mule when it comes to moving guns along narrow mountain trails. Now the Field Artillery Replacement Center at Fort Sill turns out hundreds of well-trained, hardened pack artillerymen, all of them over five feet ten in height and weighing at least 185 pounds. They have to be big and tough to tear a 75-mm pack howitzer down in less than three minutes and pack its parts, each one weighing around 200 pounds, on the backs of six mules. Sometimes the mule doesn't like it, either, which makes it even tougher. Then the pack artilleryman walks his mule 10 or 15 miles at a 4½-mile-per-hour clip, working hard during the 10-minute rest periods, readjusting and repacking his loads.**

PACK ARTILLERY OFFICERS AND SCOUTS RIDE HORSES.

IT'S NO CINCH TO THROW A DIAMOND HITCH IN THE DARK WITH FROZEN FINGERS.

*"OK, fellows, fall out for a 10-minute break."*

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# SPORTS: HERE IS YANK'S ALL-AMERICAN FOOTBALL TEAM TO END ALL-AMERICAN TEAMS

By Sgt. Walter Bernstein

OUT IN New Guinea, when short-wave radio picked up the earth-shattering announcement of the 1942 All-American football team, a corporal nursing a bullet wound in his hand uttered the historic words, "Give me one G.I. who can use a mortar and you know what they can do with their All-Americans."

YANK, The Army Weekly, agrees with these sentiments and admits that All-American teams are strictly from hunger, and products of press agents who couldn't tell a single wing from a drumstick. They serve no useful purpose except to fill newspaper space and get watch charms, movie contracts and pro-football jobs for a lucky few. In war time, the newspapers can use that space for more important things, and the only job players are getting these days is with Uncle Sam.

*Rita Hayworth is picked at right tackle.*

However, for those who cannot do without their yearly Pablum, YANK presents its own All-American, the Team that Shouldn't Happen to a Dog. This aggregation was carefully chosen by Pvt. Myron R. Pleschet, YANK's latrine orderly, while on duty. It is a team guaranteed to please *everybody*. It has *everything*. It has It. We positively guarantee this team to slow up, weaken and defeat any opposition in approximately that order.

Take a gander at the backfield:

**Fullback** — Flash Gordon, that beautiful hunk of thing. Really at his best on the planet Mongo, but also hot stuff on Earth, Flash was chosen over such stalwarts as Superman, The Green Hornet and Captain Marvel. Those guys are all right, but Flash is more human.

**Left, or Running, Halfback**—B. Mussolini. This ball carrier was picked for one abiltiy, at which he is unsurpassed. He can run like hell.

**Right, or Kicking, Halfback**—The Dragon Lady. This sterling field general has been kicking around for years now and she's still terrific. Her slinky habits have been known to throw the opposition frequently offside. She can also throw a pass with the best of them.

**Quarter**—Maj. Phineas W. Baldidiot. In ordinary life Maj. Baldidiot is military expert for a daily newspaper. He also is a great field general, although our team will have to play on Monday morning to make the major feel completely at home. Maj. Baldidiot is particularly good at destroying the opposition completely before the battle has begun, which is great for morale.

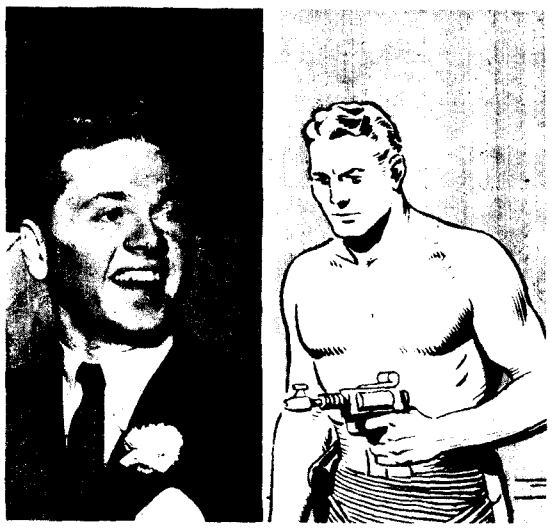
The line is at least as outstanding as the backfield:

**Right End**—Whirlaway, the youngest member of our team. Once Whirly breaks loose nothing can head him. His specialty is end-around plays; when his end comes around it's just too bad for the other team.

**Left End**—Mickey Rooney. The technique of this great performer is simple. All he does is imitate Lionel Barrymore for his opponents and they go into convulsions. This is known as logistics. Mickey is soon to enter the Army, however, and this may be his last season as an amateur.

**Left and Right Tackles** are Gen. Waldo B. Nestle and Rita Hayworth, as smooth-working a team as you could see anywhere. Gen. Nestle made his mark as captain of the Selective Service Steamrollers, a Washington club. Of Miss Hayworth, little can be said that is not already old stuff. It is enough to say that she is one tackle who never allows herself to be mouse-trapped.

**Left and Right Guards** are Gypsy Rose Lee and Ann Corio. Here are a couple of hard-charging linemen. There is absolutely nothing these players can't handle. Superb at pulling out of the line and taking off down the field, these girls are equally good at guarding what they're supposed to guard.



*Mickey Rooney, left end; Flash Gordon, fullback.*

**Center** was a hard one to choose. The main job of a center is to pass the ball. The best passers we met all season were second lieutenants. They were terrific at passing anything, especially the buck. They were also good at passing footballs to first sergeants to give to the company to play with during recreation period. Platoon sergeants are also good at passing, but not in a class with second looeys. So our Center is any second lieutenant, God help him.

Next year: East Lynne.

*Whirlaway is a peach of a right end.*

# SPORT SHORTS

The major leagues are considering a plan to divide themselves into Eastern and Western divisions next season to save travel. The two loops already have cut the number of trips to be made by each club around the circuit, meaning the teams will play more games in a series. . . . Big **Ernie Lombardi,** 230-pound Boston Braves catcher, has been officially proclaimed the National League's '42 batting champ. His plate average was .330. The beefy backstop rebounded this year from a puny .264 in 1941, which was his worst year as a major leaguer. . . . Pitching honors in the senior circuit this year went to **Mort Cooper** and **Johnny Beazley** of the Cards. Mort won 22 games and Beazley hung up 21 victories.

Draft of college players by professional football clubs has been postponed indefinitely by the National Professional Football League, although league moguls voted to continue the play-for-pay grid game for the duration. . . . **Del Baker,** ex-Detroit Tiger manager, has signed a one-year contract to coach Cleveland. He succeeds **Oscar Melillo,** who quit the diamond in favor of a war job in Chicago.

Add sports figures new in armed forces: **Max** and **Buddy Baer,** who entered at Sacramento, Calif. They will be assigned to Fourth Air Service Area Command as ground crew physical instructors. Max is 33 and Buddy 27. Both are married and have children. . . . **Lawson Little,** grand slam amateur golf king in '34 and '35 and national open champ of '40, also is in uniform, joining Navy as apprentice seaman.

## CAMOUFLAGE

*Ten military terms have been camouflaged in the paragraphs below. It's not hard to dig the words out if you ignore the protective coloration around them. Here is an example of how the word strategy is hidden: "You're getting fat, Bill, why don't you join a first rate gymnasium?" Easy? Now try the following:*

1. To scramble eggs quickly, toss in fan; try eating with bacon.
2. Among acrobats, to trip is to lose face, not balance.
3. Her honeyed voice murmured in the moonlight, "Cheri, flee with me." . . . Then he woke up.
4. Watch out for that fellow, he quotes Plato on the slightest provocation.
5. He would like to be an Aztec; he longs for the more primitive life.
6. The movie star gets applause, admiration and a $25,000 ceiling.
7. "I've listened to that bore as long as I could," cried the deb, "Ouch! Mental torture is worse than physical."
8. The London Protocol, one learns, was drawn up in 1852.
9. You can bet the talking is done by a man when ecru is erroneously called tan.
10. "Not one backward step," cried Eugene. "Rally 'round me, boys!"

*(Solution on page 23)*



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# Wartime Sports Boomed in 1942

## Haegg Broke the Records; Cards And Redskins Scored the Upsets

New records, new champs and startling upsets in every field.

That, in brief, is the history of the sports front for 1942. If anything, the war revealed Americans as more sports loving than ever before. Relief-benefit games alone dropped $5,000,000 into the pot.

Of course there were war-time casualties. The Indianapolis speedway classic was cancelled, also the Poughkeepsie regatta. The annual Army-Navy game was shifted to Annapolis to answer the transportation problem and reduced the attendance from 102,000 to 12,000.

Navy took this one, 14 to 4, to provide one more upset. There were plenty of them in football. Boston College, kingpin of college football, was crushed by Holy Cross, 55 to 12, to close an otherwise brilliant season. Tulsa was the only big-time team to come through unscathed. Ohio State, although defeated early in the season, came back strong and was generally conceded the No. 1 team of the year. The pros provided their own upset as the Chicago Bears, outstanding pro team of all time, were scalped by the Washington Redskins, 14 to 6, in the National League playoff.

*Gunder Haegg broke seven records*

### Haegg's Record for Records

International competition necessarily was out, but it took a Swede to establish a new outdoor record for the mile. Gunder Haegg set the new mark of 4:04.6 and then went on to break six other world records up to and including the 5000 meter run.

Cornelius Warmerdam became the first pole vaulter to go over 15 feet. He cleaned the bar at 15 feet 7¾ inches, not once, but 26 times, leaving sports writers demanding priorities on copy paper.

Baseball provided the greatest upset of the year. Everybody—everybody that is except Billy Southworth and the Card fans, had counted the St. Louis Club out of the race by mid-season. Ten games behind the Dodgers, the Cards did a turnabout to win 43 of their last 52 games and go on to win the world championship in five games. The gate for the series was over $1,000,000. Baseball, incidentally, not only contributed some of its star players to the armed forces, but played one benefit game after another.

### Babe Ruth Swats Again

The Bambino and the Big Train were the stars of the outstanding benefit in baseball. More than 60,000 fans jammed the Yankee Stadium one Sabbath in August to see George Herman Ruth once again knock one into the upper stands. The benefit take was $75,000.

After enlisting, Joe Louis successfully defended his championship in two benefit bouts. He knocked out Buddy Baer in one round, Abe Simon in six. The match between Billy Conn and Louis, first postponed after Conn broke his hand smacking his father-in-law, never did come off because the War Department objected to the financial set-up. Newspapermen picked Barney Ross as the boxer of the year because of his war record as a Marine sergeant in the Solomons.

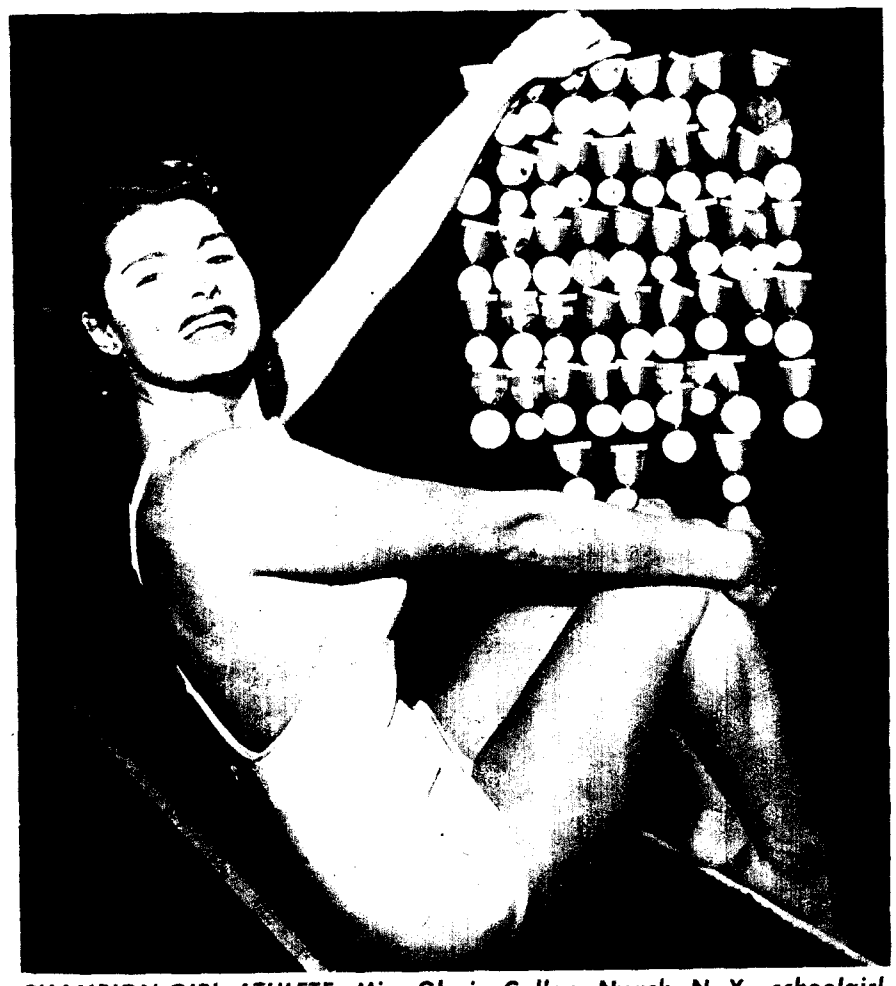
Hard hit by the war, tennis nevertheless succeeded in crowning two fresh single champions, Ted Schroeder and Miss Pauline Betz. In place of the National Open Golf Tournament, a Hale America Tournament was substituted, Ben Hogan winning this event. Leading contenders for the collegiate basketball championship were Stanford and West Virginia, the latter winning the New York National Invitation Tournament. Before his jump into the Army, Torger Tokle skied to seven new records.

Horseracing, if betting is a criterion, seemed more popular than ever. This sport led all others by helping relief treasuries by the staggering sum of $3,000,000. Two great thoroughbreds, Whirlaway and Alsab, may be partially responsible. Alsab nosed out Whirlaway, two out of three, but Whirlaway was generally given the top listing, since this colt became the greatest money-winning thoroughbred of all time, running home with well over $500,000.

Hockey, in the Toronto Maple Leafs, had its own upset, paralleling that of the Cards in baseball. After losing the first three games in the Stanley Cup series for the world's championship, the Maple Leafs swept Detroit off the ice.

Many stars and coaches left their sports to join the services—Bobby Feller, the youthful speedball demon, and Johnny Beazley, a rookie who became a World Series hero, just to name two. Helping toughen up the fighting men were Bernie Bierman, Jim Crowley, Harvey Harman and Ray Wolf, topflight football coaches.

Taps sounded for many famous sports figures. Among them were Mel Sheppard, last American to win the Olympic 1500-meter title in 1908; Devereux Milburn, one of the greatest polo players of all time; Jack Doyle, Broadway betting commissioner; Artie McGovern, physical trainer, and Jack O'Brien, former world's light heavyweight champ.



*CHAMPION GIRL ATHLETE—Miss Gloria Callen, Nyack, N. Y., schoolgirl swimming star, was unanimously picked by sportswriters as America's leading woman athlete in 1942. She has lost count of her national titles.*

## PUZZLE SOLUTIONS

**GENERAL MIXUP**

1. Franklin Roosevelt. 2. James Doolittle. 3. Chiang Kai-shek. 4. Bernard Montgomery. 5. Joseph Stalin. 6. George Patton. 7. Winston Churchill. 8. Semyon Timoshenko. 9. Douglas MacArthur. 10. Dwight Eisenhower.

**CAMOUFLAGE**

1. Infantry. 2. Pistol. 3. Rifle. 4. Platoon. 5. Echelon. 6. Target. 7. Debouchment. 8. Colonel. 9. Cruiser. 10. General.

**CHECKERBOARD STRATEGY**

a) Red moves 18 to 15. Black jumps 11 to 18.
b) Red moves 17 to 22. Black jumps 18 to 25.
c) Red moves 24 to 19. Black jumps 23 to 16.
d) Red jumps 20 to 11 to 4 and WINS . . . because BLACK IS BLOCKED and left without a move!

**BUTT ME NO BUTTS**

Two hours and 55 minutes. 36 butts make 6 cigarettes, but the butts of *these* six cigarettes are good for making one more cigarette. Total, seven cigarettes.

**DOUBLE PUZZLE**

G plus GLIDER plus ALASKA plus SHOE minus GLASS minus RAKE minus LEG equals IDAHO.

HAT CAB
SABOT DUPES
PITEOUS SOBERED
ORE TREACLE ARE
DEFT NACRE STUN
SURF LEE ITEM
LIONS WADES
GUN LAW
OGLED LEHAR
EVES EGO ORAL
EVER CANOE DIAL
PER SALUTES DIE
INROADS SLATERS
TUNIS SWORD
NED SOS

**MATCH THIS**

Nope—no dope he. You see, Pvt. Cope held the match with the index finger at one end, the middle finger at the other end, and the thumb in the middle on the opposite side of the match. Just before dropping the match he pressed sharply with his thumb and bent the match. The match landed on its edge every time! This is an old trick, and a risky one. Risky—because some guys can't take a joke.

**GOOD HUNTING**

The bear was white. It was a polar bear; Pvt. Nimrod had camped right on the North Pole. The North Pole is the only place from which he could travel 10 miles due south, 10 miles due west and find himself exactly 10 miles away from where he started.

**Next Week . . .**

***YANK Presents Its***

# NAVY ISSUE

**Full of stories, pictures, gags and cartoons about sailors, ships and submarines**

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# YANK WEEKLY 1943

## January

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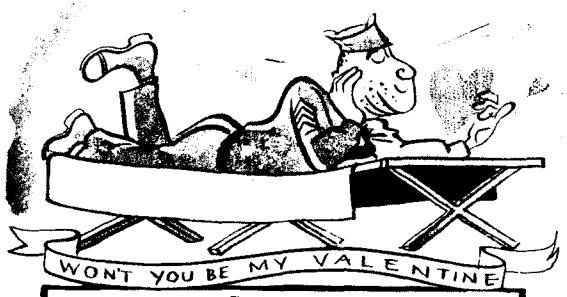


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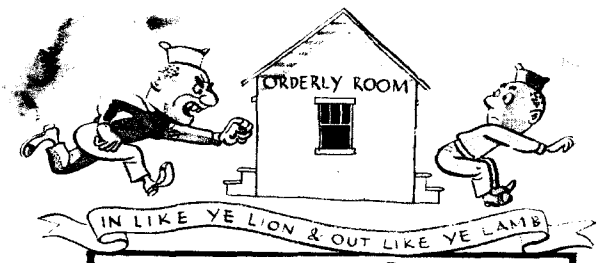


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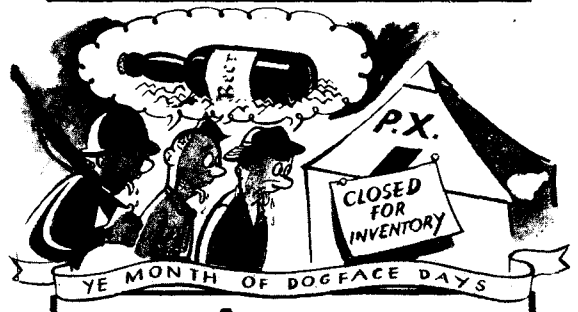


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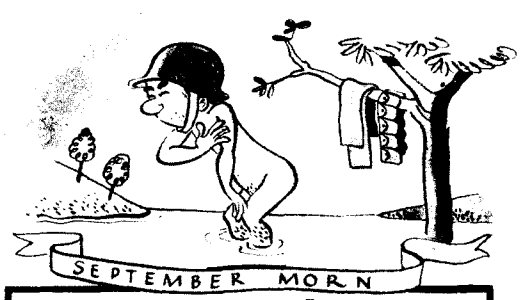


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